

# SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR MARCH, 1809.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Journey from Madras through the Countries of Mysore, Canara, and Malabar, &c.  
By Francis Buchanan, M. D.

[Resumed from p. 90.]

WE have already stated with sufficient distinctness, the general contents of Dr. Buchanan's volumes, and have given extracts that manifest the diligence and attention with which he discharged the duties of his appointment. It might be thought, that Dr. B. had already described a tribe of men the lowest on the scale of human nature. But the following appears to be still lower than that we transcribed in our former article. We the rather add the following account, because the popular idea of India is, that of a region "all gold and bounty," replete with wealth, and luxuries, abundant in all enjoyments, and the very seat of gain, both mercantile and political. India has certainly been highly peopled during many ages. The country is fertile, and in general is capable of cultivation: yet the human race does not more than maintain itself against the wild animals of the forest; and whenever, by adverse incidents, the number of inhabitants is diminished, the beasts resume their dominion, and support their establishments. The maintenance of this balance offers no unworthy subject of contemplation to an inquisitive mind. How is it, that the lord of the creation tolerates such adversaries as elephants, tigers, and panthers: and why does he not, by extermination, rid himself of these dangerous and destructive intruders? Perhaps Providence knows a reason for this, that man has not discerned, all-wise as he fancies himself; and is, on this, as on innumerable other occasions,

From seeming evil still educing good.

In this part of the country [*Garuda-giri*] there are many sheep, but few black cattle. The shepherds and their families live with their flocks. The men wrap themselves in a blanket, and sleep in the open air among the sheep. The women and children sleep under hemispherical baskets about six feet in diameter, and wrought with leaves so as to turn the rain. At one side a small hole is left open, through which the poor creatures can creep, and this is always turned to leeward, there being nothing to cover it. I have not in any other country seen a habitation so very wretched. Vol. III. p. 383.

Other tribes (and there appear to be many such) are little better off in the world. Some of them will form our introduction to several particulars which we have collected from sundry places, in reference to the ferocity of the tiger and the elephant.

The Goalas are herdsmen, and shut up their cattle in folds, which are strongly fortified with thorny bushes, to defend the cattle from tigers. These Goalas remove

to different places for pasture. During the whole time that they are absent they never sleep in a hut; but, wrapped up in their blankets, and accompanied by their dogs, they lie down among their cattle within the folds, where all night they burn fires to keep away the tigers. This, however, is not always sufficient, and these ferocious animals sometimes break through the fence, and kill or wound the cattle. Vol. II. p. 11.

The fortifications at *Priya Pattana* are quite ruinous, the late Sultan having blown up the best works. In the inner fort there are no inhabitants, and tigers have taken entire possession of its ruins. A horse that strayed in a few nights ago was destroyed, and even at midday, it is considered as dangerous for a solitary person to enter. It was deemed imprudent for me, who was followed by a multitude, to enter any of the temples, which serve the tigers as shelter from the heat of the day, by which these animals are much oppressed. The outer fort contains a few houses of Brahmins, who are forced to shut themselves up at sunset. Vol. II. p. 96.

Of this latter calamity the Dr. gives a melancholy instance, in p. 426.

Speaking of *Cancan-hully*, he describes the country as having been fully cultivated, previous to Lord Cornwallis's invasion:

The devastation was commenced by Tippoo, who blew up the works, in order to prevent them from being useful to the British army. After this the Anicul Polygar ravaged the country, colonel Read having invited him back to his dominions. According to the accounts of the Amildar, this gentle Hindoo has rendered two fifths of the whole arable lands a waste; and, from the small number of inhabitants, the beasts of prey have increased so much, that, during the two last years of the Sultan's government, eighty of the inhabitants of *Cancan-hully* were carried away by tigers from within the walls of the fort. These have been since repaired, and the people can now sleep with safety. Tippoo destroyed the Hindoo temple, which kind of devastation was one of his favourite amusements.

But the tiger, though the most dreadful, is not the only scourge of India. Other beasts of his genus partake of his blood-thirsty disposition, and of his powers. One of these the Dr. describes.

In the forenoon a leopard was killed by the people of the village, in a garden near the town, and brought to my tent in great triumph, with every thing resembling a flag, and every instrument capable of making a noise, that could be collected. First, he had been shot in the belly, and then he was driven to the banks of a reservoir, where he stood at bay; and, before he was killed, wounded three of the men who attacked him with spears; one of whom was severely torn. He agreed very well with the description in Ker's translation of Linnæus, and was about four feet from the snout to the root of the tail. He had killed several oxen, and in this country, it is not unusual for leopards to attack even men. Although I have called this animal the leopard, there is reason to think, that it does not differ from the panther of India; for, I am persuaded, that we have no larger spotted animal of the feline genus. The Indian panther and leopard, I consider, therefore, as two names for the same animal. The African panther, may, however, be different, as certainly is the hunting leopard of India. Vol. II. p. 337.

Will it be believed, after such afflicting demonstrations of the tiger's ferocity, and that of his fellows, that superstition and ignorance could fancy the conversion of these creatures into guards, and guards too of the most endearing subjects of the human affections?

I took a very long and fatiguing walk to the top of the western hills, in order to see a *Cambay*, or village inhabited by *Eriligaru*. The love of the marvellous, so prevalent in India, has made it commonly reported, that these poor people go absolutely naked; sleep under trees without any covering; and possess the power of charming tigers, so as to prevent those ferocious animals from doing them any injury. My interpreter, although a very shrewd man, gravely related, that the *Eriligaru* women when they go into the woods to collect roots, intrust their children to the care of a tiger.

The village that I visited contained seven or eight huts, with some pens for their goats; the whole built round a square, in which they burn a fire all night to keep away the tigers. The huts are very small, but tolerably neat, and constructed of bamboos interwoven like basket work, and plastered on the inside with clay.

These people take wild fowl in nets; and sometimes kill the tiger in spring traps loaded with stones, and baited with a kid.

The Dr. mentions other tribes, to which this power of domesticating the tiger is attributed, which of course they deny; yet believe it of their fellow tribes.

The Elephant is no less inimical to man, though there seems to be less reason for it; as he does not live on flesh, or support his own life by depriving others of their's. His food is rice; his drink is water; yet is he equally fierce with the tiger.

We leave to the philosopher the explication of the peculiarity in the "elephant," of being "discontented," and forsaking his appropriate community; together with the circumstance, that when solitary, he is ferocious and desperate, though easily frightened when in company. Have such been expelled; or have they forsaken the society of their fellows? Are there *jacobin* elephants, among these "half reasoning" brutes, which, discontented with the present order of things, attempt revolutions, and are banished by the herd?

The woods are infested by wild elephants, which do much injury to the crops. They are particularly destructive to the sugar cane and palm gardens; for those monstrous creatures break down the betel-nut tree to get at its cabbage. The natives have not the art of catching the elephant in *kyddas*, or folds, as is done in Bengal; but take them in pitfalls, by which only a few can be procured. These are frequently injured by the fall. Vol. II. p. 117.

At *Hejuru*, I went into the forests about three cosses, to a small tank, further than which the natives rarely venture, and to which they do not go without being much alarmed on account of wild elephants. In this forest these animals are certainly more numerous, than either in *Chittagong* or *Pegu*. I have never seen any where so many traces of them. The natives, when they meet an elephant in the day time, hide themselves in the grass, or behind bushes, and the animal does not search after them; but were he to see them, even at a distance, he would run at them, and put them to death. It is stragglers only from the herds, that, in the day time, frequent the outer parts of the forest. The herds, that at night destroy the crops, retire with the dawn of day into the recesses of the forest; and thither the natives do not venture, as they could not hide themselves from a number. It is said, that at the abovementioned tank, there was formerly a village; but that both it and several others on the skirt of the forest have lately been withdrawn, owing to an increased number of elephants, and to the smaller means of resistance which the decrease of population allows. The forest is free from underwood or creepers; but the whole ground is covered with long grass, often as high as a man's head. This makes walking rather disagreeable and dangerous, as one is always liable to stumble over rotten trunks, to rouse a tiger, or to tread on a snake. These latter are said to be found of great dimensions, and have been seen as thick as the body of a middle-sized man. Their length does not exceed seven cubits. P. 127.

The *Cad Curubaru* are a rude tribe of *Karnata*, who are exceedingly poor and wretched. They watch the fields at night, to keep off elephants and wild hogs. Their manner of driving away the elephant is by running against him with a burning torch made of bamboos. The animal sometimes turns, and waits till the *Curubaru* comes close up; but these poor people, taught by experience, push boldly on, and dash their torches against the elephant's head, who never fails to take immediate flight. Should their courage fail, and should they attempt to run away, the elephant would immediately pursue, and put them to death. The *Curubaru* have no means of killing so large an animal, and on meeting one in the day time, are as much alarmed as any other of the inhabitants. These poor people frequently suffer from tigers, against which their wretched huts are a poor defence: and, when this wild beast is urged by hunger, he is regardless of their burning torches.

The *Cutari* rice is that most commonly cultivated, as it is less liable than the others to be injured by the herds of wild elephants; for these animals, though they eat rice, do not kill that kind when they tread on it. P. 333.

On strong, high trees, the guard has constructed two stages, to which the men fly when they are attacked by solitary, discontented, male elephants, who are not to be driven away by firing at them, unless the ball takes place in some sensible part.

Herds of elephants come very frequently to drink at the torrent; but are easily alarmed, and run away at the first shot. P. 340.

The elephants are a dreadful nuisance to the farmers, who live near these forests, and have prevented much land, formerly deserted, from being again cultivated. A regular hunting of them would be a great relief, and might be done to advantage, if the company could afford to purchase the elephants.

But let it not be thought that these great creatures only are injurious. Animals of a lower class, if it be allowable to place anthropomorphous animals in a lower class, can do as much mischief by their numbers, as the huge elephant can do by his power. That they should be protected in their devastations, must be traced to causes not explicable by the principles of natural history.

The monkeys and squirrels are very destructive; but it is reckoned criminal to kill either of them. They are under the immediate protection of the *Daseris*, who assemble round any person guilty of this offence, and allow him no rest, until he bestows on the animal a funeral, that will cost him from 100 to 200 *fanams*, according to the number of *Daseris* that have assembled.

The proprietors of the gardens used formerly to hire a particular class of men, who took these animals in nets, and then by stealth conveyed them into the gardens of some distant village; but, as the people there had recourse to the same means, all parties have become tired of this practice. If any person freed the poor people, by killing these mischievous vermin, they would think themselves bound in decency to make a clamour; but inwardly they would be very well pleased: and the government might do it, by hiring men whose consciences would not suffer by the action, and who might be repaid by a small tax on the proprietors. Vol. II. p. 55.

The houses at *Mail-cotay* are roofed with tiles, and have an odd look, from being entirely covered with thorns. This is done to prevent the monkeys from unroofing the houses; for these mischievous animals are here very numerous, and to destroy them is reckoned a grievous sin. The very person who applauds his Guru for having ground the *Janas* [a set of people, with their priests and followers, whom he could not convert] in an oil mill, will shudder with horror at the thought of a monkey's being killed.

What strange contradictions maintain themselves in the human mind!—Are similar anomalies restricted to India?

A good hint, perhaps, may be gathered from a remark of the Dr's, p. 343. Speaking of the *Corunga Munji Maram*, *Rottleria tinctoria*. Roxb. he informs us that this name signifies *Monkey's face-tree*, or *Mimusops*; for these animals paint their faces red, by rubbing them with the fruit. The natives deny all knowledge of the dying quality possessed by the red powder that covers the fruit; but, at different places in Mysore, I was told that the die was imported from this part of the country.—What are the nature and properties of this die?

That the Europeans in India have taken advantage of similar suggestions, and are turning them to advantage in a commercial sense, is evident from the following remarks.—This country affords ample scope for the spirit of speculation.

At *Bailaru*, I found two men whom an officer, now stationed at Arcot, employed in rearing cochineal. They have been in this country one year; have sent to their employer fifteen *maunds*; have fifteen *maunds* ready for sale, and before the insects have consumed all the *nopals* [cactus] that are near the town, they expect to have ten *maunds* more. When this happens, they will carry two men's load of branches filled with the insect, and apply these to the *nopals* of some other place, where they will remain until the insects breed, and consume all the plants. The *nopals* have been raised by the farmers as fences round their gardens, but were sold by the officers of the revenue for about a guinea and a half. The hedges will grow up again in three years, when it is expected that some other person rearing the insect will come and buy the plants. Vol. III. p. 399.

Dr. B. considers this plan as the most rational of any that has been hitherto proposed for rearing the cochineal in India. Unluckily, the insect is of the bad kind; and the plant is the native *cactus*.

Among the vegetables of India in which we are most interested, as being most familiar to us, the pepper vine must be included. Its fruit, as is well known, forms an ingredient of our food; and use demands its flavour in sundry ways at our tables. The following account of its culture as well in its natural, as artificial growth, may, therefore, be acceptable to our readers.

The pepper plant [*piper nigrum*] seems to grow spontaneously on the sides of all the narrow vallies in the interior of *Haiga*, where the soil is so rich and moist, as to produce lofty trees close to each other, by which a constant moisture is retained. In such places the pepper vine runs along the ground and the roots of bushes, and propagates itself entirely by striking its roots into the soil, and then again sending out new shoots. The natives say, that without assistance it cannot ascend a tree; and that, unless it is exposed in such a situation to sun and air, it never produces flowers. In order to procure fruit from a hill which spontaneously produces the pepper vine, the proprietor cuts all the underwood and bushes, and leaves only the large trees, and a number of the young ones sufficient to exclude the violence of the sun, but to allow a free circulation of air. Four cubits from tree to tree is reckoned a proper distance. The ends of the vines, which were lying on the ground, are then tied up to the nearest trees. Any kind of tree answers the purpose; but those of about eight inches or a foot in diameter are preferred, as it is easy to climb such for the purpose of gathering the pepper. A quantity of leaves is then placed round the root of the vine, to rot, and serve as manure. In the course of the year, the vine, so far as it has been tied, strikes its roots into the bark of the tree; but the shoots above that, hang down. Twice a year afterwards these are tied up, and strike root, till they spread over all the large branches of the tree. In places where no vines have naturally sprung, the owner, after having dug a small spot round the tree to loosen the earth, propagates them by planting slips near the roots of the trees on which he wishes them to climb. The early part of the rainy season is the proper time for this operation. In five years, after having been managed in this manner, a hill begins to produce fruit, and in eight years is in full bearing. The vines live about thirty years, when others, that are found creeping on the ground in their natural state, are tied up in their stead; or, where these happen to be wanting, shoots or cuttings are planted near the trees. There is no difference in the quality between the pepper springing spontaneously from seed, and that growing from cuttings. Nor is the pepper growing in gardens either better or worse than that growing on a hill, managed as I am now describing. These hills producing pepper, require no trouble, but the tying up of the plants, keeping the forest clear of underwood, and collecting the pepper. They are manured in the following manner. In the month succeeding the vernal equinox, a hole three or four inches above the ground is made into the trunk of any very large tree that is situated near the top of the hill. Into this are put some burning coals, and, for an hour, a fire is kept up with fresh fuel. After this, the tree will burn inwardly for two days and is then killed. A large insect immediately takes possession of the trunk, and works its nest into the wood. In the next rainy season the whole falls down into a rotten dust, which the rain washes away, so as to disperse it over the face of the hill below.—The *amenta* are dried three days in the sun, and then are rubbed with the feet on a piece of smooth ground, to separate the grains; which, having been cleared from the husks and foot stalks, are again dried two days in the sun, and tied up for sale in straw bags. Vol. II. p. 158.

Notwithstanding the advantages attending this easy cultivation, Dr. B. informs us, that, "one half of these hills is waste, owing to a want of hands to cultivate them."

Other valuable spices are natives of India: and where they grow naturally, they surely might be improved to perfection, by the skill of the cultivator.

The wild nutmeg, and cassia, are very common. As the nutmegs ripen, the monkeys always eat up the outer rind, and mace; so that I could not procure one in a perfect state. They have little flavour; but by cultivation might be greatly improved. P. 161.

The cassia, also, might be greatly improved.

The *betel-leaf* is cultivated exactly like the pepper, and lives the same length of time. In this country, the *nogwally*, or female plant, for it is *diacious*, is that chiefly

used; but the *umbadi*, or male, may also be found. Here both frequently produce fructification, which I have not seen any where else. P. 224.

This last circumstance will not escape the observation of naturalists. May it not occur in other plants, and account for *seeming* errors among botanical writers?

Dr. B. also describes three different modes of cultivating rice; in one of which the seed is sown *dry*; in another, it is made to *sprout* before it is sown; in the third, it is *transplanted*, from a bed where it has shot up to about a foot high, into the fields where it is to ripen. But our limits do not allow us to enlarge. We shall, however, insert our author's account of the palm sago; as it is likely that some of our readers may have been amused, perhaps amazed, with descriptions of a tree in India, from which the natives procure not merely timber for boats and houses, with tiles for roofs; but garments for covering; food for support; and liquor for beverage, sometimes too for intoxication. There are many kinds of palms.

In Velater are many of the palms called by the natives *erimpana*, the *caryota urens* of Linnæus. Its leaves are the favourite food of the elephant; and the palm wine most commonly used here, is extracted from its young *spadix*, or flowering shoot. The seeds of the *erimpana* are planted, but it pays no tax. In general, it pushes out only one *spadix* annually; but that is so productive, that the *tiars* pay yearly a *fanam* for liberty to extract the juice of each palm. When this is old, and has become unfit for producing juice, it is cut; and the heart of the upper quarter of the stem is converted into a kind of sago, which the poor eat in the scarce season. This heart is divided into small pieces, and is exposed for five or six days to the sun. The pieces are then beaten in a large wooden mortar, like that used for removing the husks of rice. By this method a powder is separated from the stringy part. This powder is dried for another day in the sun; and in the evening, to separate some remaining strings, it is again beaten. From one tree, about a *poray* of clean powder, or of a very coarse sago, is procured. This having been washed in water, and the larger part of the water having been poured off, it is boiled with the remainder into a kind of pudding, which is eaten with salt, and *tyre*, or milk curdled, by having become sour. Vol. II. p. 454.

Nothing escapes this worthy traveller's observation. We recommend the subsequent extract to the notice of the students of nature. It should seem to evince, that the space wherein winds originate may be very contracted; and that, however some may traverse a great extent of space, and may take their rise, as it were, at large, over the vast bosom of the deep, yet that others are connected with shallow waters, and derive their character from operations more within our ken, and of course, more within our abilities to explain.

It is remarkable, that in many parts of India, during March and April, there are, on shore, strong winds, blowing directly from the sea; while, in the offing, it is a perfect calm. Thus in Bengal there are, at that season, very strong southerly winds; while in the bay, calms prevail till May or June. On the coast of Malabar, the southwest monsoon does not commence blowing with strength until the beginning of the rainy season; but on shore there are strong westerly winds from about the vernal equinox. P. 271.

We must now close our account of this valuable publication. The author gives us very intelligible delineations of ploughs, rakes, harrows, and other implements of husbandry, mostly calculated for the feeble exertions of a feeble people; therefore affording little that British farmers would esteem. He adds, also, figures of mills, tanks, and domestick utensils; of cattle, too, and of fish. Nor does he omit certain colossal statues of deities, which are, in fact, not the least curious subjects, when properly understood. A handsome map is prefixed, with the author's route marked on it. And this department is further embellished, by well executed portraits of *Krishna Raja*, the present *Curtur*, or sovereign of Mysore; and of

three of Tippoo's sons; Fatah Hyder, his eldest illegitimate son; Mohay ud Deen called Sultan; and Moiz ud Deen. Time and events may add to these names a celebrity which they do not now possess.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

*Vie du Comte de Munnich.* Life of Count de Munnich, general Field Marshal in the Service of Russia. A free Translation from the German of Gerard Anthoine de Ha-lem. Paris. 8vo. pp. 264.

THE information usually conveyed by biography is more congenial to the general feelings of mankind, than the recital of those great events which change the face of empires, and in which so few individuals can take a leading and active part. On perusing the memoirs of eminent characters, which have achieved their own greatness, we delight in beholding a hero in his youth, in discovering the latent seeds of those brilliant qualities, pledges of his future elevation. We interest ourselves in his fortunes, and exult or lament as they are variously affected by the vicissitudes of a checkered life. Those failings inseparable from human weakness, which a faithful biographer never fails to record, endear still more the party to us, by bringing him on a level with ourselves, and at the close of the performance, the reader, not unfrequently, exclaims with a sentiment of self-exultation: "Such might have been my fate, had circumstances favoured me."

The life of count de Munnich is, besides, peculiarly interesting, as intimately connected with the history of Russia for half a century. He was a principal actor in most of the revolutions which took place in that empire, during his long life. To him the Russians are indebted for that noble inland navigation which connects the Caspian sea with the Baltick. The *Oriental* plan, as it is called in Russia, and to which that country owes its fairest provinces, also originated with him. The paramount influence of Russia over Poland was prepared by his success against Stanislaus, and his French allies; and lastly, it was Munnich who washed away the stain the Russian arms had suffered at the Pruth, in the ignominious capitulation with the Turks, and who, by his new tacticks and by his brilliant victories, gave the Russian eagle that superiority over the crescent which it has maintained ever since. In short, he fully deserved the opinion entertained of him by Catharine II. which she manifested by these emphatick expressions: "If Munnich is not one of the children of Russia, he is one of her fathers."

For the particularities of count de Munnich's birth, life, and parentage, we refer to the volume itself; but from the numerous and interesting details it contains, we shall extract the two following transactions. By the first, Munnich gained the favour of Peter the Great, which he preserved to the death of that monarch. By the second, he reached the height of power, from which he was soon after precipitated, and sent into Siberia.

Peter, at the recommendation of Menzikow, had intrusted the direction of the works of the Ladoga canal, to major general Gregory Pisarew, who had studied mathematicks at Berlin, at the emperor's expense. Finding, however, that the works proceeded but slowly, he determined to call in an abler engineer. Munnich was hereupon consulted; and after taking time to consider the subject, he declared, that, in his opinion, the plan was radically bad, and he pointed out, at the same time, the only one which seemed practicable. Great was the uproar raised against Munnich on the

occasion, by all the courtiers, with Menzikow at their head. The favourite even said, in his usual peremptory tone: "Munnich may be a good officer; but I do not think him fit to be intrusted with the direction of the Ladoga canal." Munnich, however, persisted in his opinion; and Peter, unable to determine between them, referred the matter to the senate. But the senators, overawed by the haughty Menzikow, remained silent; and at last declared, that they were not able to decide on the question. "Then I must see things myself," exclaimed the emperor. "That is what we all wish," was the unanimous answer.

In the autumn of 1723, Peter carried his resolution into effect, although he already began to feel that his strength was declining. He went to the place where the Newa issues from lake Ladoga, and there getting on horseback, he waded, with much difficulty, through the circumjacent marshes. The situation of Munnich was critical. Attacked by Pisarew as a calumniator, exposed to the envy of Menzikow, and of several others, he well knew, that his fortune or his disgrace were [was] at a stake, on the result of this journey. Trusting, however, to the goodness of his cause, and to the sagacity of the emperor, he followed him, full of confidence; and walking close by his side, convinced him, by the testimony of his own eyes, how impossible it was to establish, in marshes, a canal seven or nine feet above the usual level of the water in the lake. At last Peter exclaimed: "Yes; I see it; Munnich, you are a worthy man." These words he spoke in Dutch.

The day was almost spent when the emperor arrived, quite fatigued, at the village of Tshorna, where he passed the night, which was rather cold, under a wretched tent. The main object of this visit was unaccomplished; and Pisarew, who knew it well, had his own reasons to wish that the emperor should not carry his observations further, lest he should be convinced, with his own eyes, of the imperfection of the works he had undertaken on the side of the Dubna. The emperor's physician, Blumentrost, faithfully seconded his views. Assuming an anxious and important look, he went to Munnich, and told him: "It would be dangerous to take the emperor further on. He cannot go but on horseback; and he is weak. And if, after all, he should not find things as you have represented them, you might repent of it. Sir! take care of what you are about!"

But Munnich knew perfectly well *what he was about*. To prevent the physician from being before hand with him, he avoided contradicting him; but, on the contrary, proposed to go with him to the emperor. They found him preparing to dress. "God be praised!" said Munnich, entering the tent, "that your majesty has no objection to see the canal with your own eyes. You will know to day what you are to depend upon. Your majesty has seen nothing as yet. That you may give the necessary orders for the continuation of the canal, it is absolutely necessary that you should have the goodness to go as far as the Dubna."—"And why?" said the emperor, still fatigued, and with a look that did not denote him to be much inclined to prosecute the journey, "Why?"—"Because," said Munnich, not in the least cast down, "every thing that has been done, from the first twelve wersts to Beloferko, cannot remain as it is, and must be entirely changed. Your majesty must be convinced of this by your own eyes; for the changes to be made will occasion considerable expenses, and if your majesty is not convinced that they are absolutely necessary, whoever is put at the head of the works is a lost man." "Bring me my horse," said the emperor immediately, "I will go to the Dubna"—"God be praised," exclaimed Munnich, perfectly sure that his triumph was at hand.

Before he reached the Dubna, the emperor could see already that part of the canal, which, according to Pisarew's plans, was to be considered as completed. He remarked angrily, *these pitiful works!* Then, alighting from his horse, and lying flat on the ground, he pointed out with his hand, to Pisarew, that the banks of the pretended canal were falling away every where; that the bed was not of equal depth; that it formed many useless sinuosities; that in such a place a causeway was wanting, &c. &c. "Gregory" (that was the Christian name of Pisarew) "Gregory," said the emperor, with rising anger, "there are two kinds of faults; the first is when a man fails through ignorance; the second, and the most heinous is when he does not make use of his five senses. Why are not the banks of this canal kept up? Why is it so circuitous?"—"It is on account of the hills;" answered Pisarew trembling. The emperor stood up, looked round him, and said: "Where are these hills then? Verily, thou art nought but a rascal!" Every one present thought

that, at that moment, the emperor would beat Pisarew; and poor Gregory would have asked no better, might he have then been forgiven more easily. Peter did not give him that *consolation*; but kept his hands to himself.

From that moment the victory of Munnich was complete. The canal was continued according to his plans, and in the course of the following year (1724) four wersts of it were entirely finished. The emperor went to visit these new works, with much complacency. He called for a spade. Munnich took another, and there they went both hard to work, at digging through the causeway which prevented the water from flowing into the new canal. Three months before his death, Peter, returning on the canal from Staraja Russa to Petersburg, was asked by the empress about the state of his health, which was then precarious, when he answered: "The works of my friend Munnich have cured me. I hope yet to live long enough to embark with him at Petersburg, and to cast anchor at the gardens of Golofkin in Moscow."

To some readers these details may appear trifling; yet we think that they give a better insight into the real character of Peter the Great, and of Munnich, than accounts of battles and of negotiations. We do not know which most to admire, the undaunted perseverance of a then little known individual and a foreigner, or the patience and sagacity of the sovereign, who suffered and encouraged it. But, in the mean time, we cannot but pity the fate of those princes, who nominally enjoy a despotick power, but in reality, are the dupes and the tools of designing courtiers. With any other man than Peter, the canal would probably have been abandoned, as impracticable; and Munnich would have been disgraced, for presuming to be right against the opinion of the favourite.

The other transaction that we shall quote is of a far different nature, and exhibits one of those revolutions so frequent in the government of Russia. Munnich's credit had stood, unimpaired, during the reigns of Catharine I. and of Peter II. Under that of Ann, which was graced by his triumphs over the Poles and the Turks, he had risen to the first situation in the state; and was considered as one of its supports. That princess had, on her demise, appointed as her successour the young prince Ivan, her grand nephew, then an infant; and had placed the regency in the hands of Biron, her favourite, to the exclusion of Prince Ulrick, of Brunswick, father to the young prince, whose ferocious disposition she dreaded. His wife, the Princess Ann of Mecklenburgh, was likewise excluded, as too much under the dominion of her husband. Munnich had seemingly consented to these arrangements which he had no power to oppose. But Biron soon proved unequal to his situation. Alarms and conspirations sprang up on every side. His authority was considered by the nation as a usurpation; and Munnich, who had personal reasons to complain of the regent, entertained, or feigned to entertain, fears for the safety of the young emperor.

Biron, surrounded with cares and alarms, had enjoyed his power twenty days, when, on the morning of the 8-19 of November, Munnich entered the apartment of the emperor's mother. In a few words he explained to her the grounds of his apprehensions. He represented, that, as a mother, it was her bounden duty to assume herself, the reins of government. "As to me, madam," he added, "I take upon myself to put the regent into your hands the ensuing night; but you must cooperate with me. The presence of the emperor's mother will encourage the troops I want, and will deter the evil-minded." The princess, much surprised, and not a little confused, acknowledged that, in fact, she wished nothing better than to get rid of the regent; but she could not bring herself to witness the enterprise against Biron. Munnich then ceased to insist on that point. It was only agreed, that the princess should give the necessary order to the guards of the palace, that Munnich might come to her in the night; and that till then, she should not reveal the project to any one, not even to the prince, her husband.

It was not an easy matter to come at the regent; for all the officers of the guards on duty about him, had orders not to admit any person whatever, when once he had retired to rest; and all the sentries placed about his apartments had orders, likewise,

to stop any person offering to enter, and to kill such a one in case of resistance. But, it so happened, that on the night alluded to, the regiment of Preobraschenski guards was on duty, both about the emperour, and about the regent. Munnich, who was commandant of that corps, might hope, therefore, to find no obstacles; and he had, accordingly, fixed on that very night for the execution of his plan.

In order to remove every suspicion, he that day visited the regent, as usual, and not only dined with him, but, on his pressing invitation, returned also to supper.—At eleven o'clock at night, they parted, as two friends usually do; but the blackest designs were hid, on both sides, under that appearance of mutual regard.

Munnich, on leaving the regent's palace, told his adjutant general, lieutenant colonel Manstein, that he should want him very early in the morning; and accordingly sent for him at two o'clock. They went together into a coach, and drove to the winter palace, which had been fixed on as the place of residence of the emperour Ivan, and his parents, ever since the death of the empress Ann. Without being discovered, and by means of a back door, left open on purpose, they arrived at the princess's apartment. She had retired to bed with her husband; but she had desired her bosom confidant, Miss Julia Mengden, sister to Munnich's daughter-in-law, to call her, without being perceived by her husband, as soon as the field marshal should arrive. The favourite went, accordingly, to call up her mistress, as gently as possible. However, the duke awoke, and asked why she was getting up. The princess pretended some indisposition; and the duke remained in bed; little suspecting that while he was asleep, his fate would be decided on.

When the princess appeared, Munnich attempted several times to persuade her to put herself at the head of the guards. He was unable to prevail on her:—"But, you must, at least, madam," said Munnich, "give the necessary orders to the officers of the guards."—She consented to this; the officers were called; the princess represented to them, in a few words, the humiliations which the young emperour was daily experiencing from the regent. "It would be shameful," said she, "to bear any longer such insults. To put a stop to them it is absolutely necessary to arrest the regent. I hope that, as men of honour, you will not refuse this service to your emperour. Follow the field marshal, and support him in his enterprise. Your fidelity shall meet with due recompense."

They all expressed their readiness to follow the field marshal. The princess kissed him; gave her hand to kiss, to the officers; and ejaculated many prayers for the success of their undertaking. The guard was immediately turned out, and Munnich imparted his design to the soldiers. They unanimously promised to follow him wherever he would lead them. They were bid to load their arms; an officer with forty men was left in the guardhouse, with the standard; twenty others followed the field marshal to the summer palace, where the regent had fixed his residence. The troops halted about two hundred paces from the palace. Munnich sent Manstein forward, to apprise the officers of the guards of the princess's intentions, and to request them to remain quiet, while things were going on. What Munnich had foreseen, took place accordingly. The guards, far from refusing the entrance of the palace, offered their assistance in arresting the regent.

Manstein was then ordered to go and arrest Biron; and he was directed to kill him on the spot, in case of the slightest resistance. He was to be supported by an officer and twenty men. But Manstein, wishing to avoid giving an alarm, left his troop behind him, and entered the palace alone.—He wandered, for a considerable time, in the several apartments, uncertain in which to find the regent: till at last he discovered a double folding door, which had been negligently fastened. This he easily burst open, and found himself in the bedroom of Biron, who was sleeping profoundly, as well as his wife, notwithstanding the noise Manstein had made in entering.

Manstein went to the bedside, drew the curtains, and said loudly, that he was come to speak to the regent. At his voice the couple started from their sleep, with exclamations of surprise and fear. Biron immediately rose; Manstein seized him, and held him fast, till the arrival of the guard, which easily got the better of him. An old soldier's great coat was thrown over his shoulders; he was conducted to a coach in waiting; an officer sat by him, and in that state he was brought to the winter palace. His wife, in her shift, had followed him into the street. A soldier took her in his arms, and asked Manstein what he was to do with her. "Take her back into her bedroom," said Manstein; but the soldier, finding the load rather too heavy, dropped her in the snow. The captain of the guards found

her in that dismal situation, sent for her clothes, and brought her back to her apartment. On the very same day, the whole of the regent's family were shut up in the fortress of Schlussemburgh; from whence they were transferred to Pelim in Siberia; while the princess Ann was proclaimed administratrix of the empire, under the title of Grand Dutchess of Russia.

Munnich might expect every thing, under the government of a princess who was indebted to him for her elevation; yet, in the course of a few months, he retired from the ministry in disgust, and in the month of November, of the following year, the power he had raised, was overthrown by a revolution exactly similar to that which had established it. The princess Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, who then ascended the throne of Russia, was the personal enemy of Munnich. He was therefore arrested, tried as a traitor, and, on the most absurd and frivolous pretences condemned to be quartered alive. A conditional pardon was, however, announced to him, at the foot of the scaffold, and he was exiled to Pelim in Siberia; the very place, where, a year before, he had sent his rival Biron; who now obtained a less uncomfortable habitation, and was removed to Jaroslaw. The sledges of the two enemies met, in one of the suburbs of Casan. They were obliged to remain some time before one another at the passage of a bridge. Biron and Munnich knew, and saluted each other. They parted without exchanging a word; but what reflections must have filled the minds of them both!

Munnich supported his exile, which lasted twenty years, with the same manly firmness as that which he had manifested at his trial, and at the foot of the scaffold. He found, moreover, in that religion, to which he zealously adhered during his whole life, a never failing source of consolation.

Munnich was accompanied by a chaplain, Martens, who was not banished, but followed his fortune. The greatest loss which Munnich experienced was that of this worthy man, who died after seven years of exile. The field marshal afterwards discharged the office of chaplain. His whole family met at prayers, twice a day, when he delivered discourses of his own composing, which edified his auditors, and strengthened himself. He also composed thoughts on the most important articles of the Christian faith, and hymns, which have been printed. He cultivated his garden; composed works on engineering; instructed youth in the study of geometry; drew up plans for the king of Prussia, and memoirs relative to the expulsion of the Turks out of Europe. Such are the effects of science and mental powers, in softening the rigours of banishment to the most barren wastes.

After the death of Elizabeth, Munnich was recalled by Peter III. her successour. On his return, he suffered neither complaint nor reproach to escape his lips; but devoted himself to the service of that ill fated monarch, with all the energy of his younger years. In the revolution which cost that prince his throne and his life, Munnich never abandoned him for a moment; but the veteran's advices were all defeated, by the silly presumption of Peter, and by the fears and pusillanimity of his courtiers. When, at last, news was brought that Catharine, at the head of 20,000 men, was marching against her husband, who had only 3000 Holsteiners, Munnich still wanted to try the fortune of a battle. "Take a crucifix in your hands," said he to the emperor: "they dare not touch you; and I shall take upon myself the danger of the battle." On that very day, the fall of Peter was completed without resistance, and the authority of Catharine was every where acknowledged. The day after, Munnich appeared at court. "You wanted to fight against me," said Catharine, on seeing

him: "Yes, madam," answered Munnich, firmly; "could I do less for the prince who delivered me from captivity? But it is now my duty to fight for your majesty, and this I shall fulfil with the same zeal." Catharine had sufficient generosity not to be offended at the old warrior's noble sincerity. She even suffered him to appear at court in mourning for his murdered master; and she constantly availed herself, for the good of her empire, of Munnich's transcendent faculties, which remained unimpaired to his death. This event took place October 16th, 1767, at the age of eighty-four years, five months, and six days.

Not having the German original before us, we are unable to ascertain the degree of credit to which the anonymous French translator is entitled; but we may recommend this volume as interesting, both by the subject itself, and by the manner in which it is treated.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

A philosophical Inquiry on the Cause, with Directions to cure, the Dry Rot in Buildings. By James Randall, Architect. pp. 66. Price 3s. London.

EVERY profession has a somewhat connected with it, which is a source of mortification to those engaged in it, and stands as a boundary to their science and skill. The investigating mind is not satisfied with superficial appearances, but desires to comprehend the whole of what it examines, if possible, both cause and effect. Sometimes it traces effects up to their cause; sometimes it conjectures the cause, and establishes conjectures by experiments; yet it often finds itself baffled by the constancy with which the subject of investigation maintains its properties and eludes detection. Such has been the character of the Dry Rot. Professional men have been vexed with it, times out of number; and those who thought themselves nearest to a cure for it, have been foiled when at their utmost skill. Mr. Randall, nevertheless, steps boldly forth, and explains the cause of this disease. He also proposes an infallible remedy: and if his remedy justifies his prediction of its powers, we freely forgive him for all the pains it has taken us to endeavour to understand some parts of his pamphlet; the philosophy of which appears to us to labour for utterance through a multiplicity of words. He observes:

The *rot* is known to builders by the prodigious quantity of fungus formed on every part of the decaying wood. Its appearance often varies, depending wholly on the situation where it is engendered. That which is most commonly found is fleshy to the touch, adheres firmly to the wood, walls, and every contiguous substance, and branches out into, apparently, strong fibrous roots. It occasions a gradual decomposition of the wood, beginning at the surface, and, finally, proceeding through the whole mass. If any portion, however, remains exposed to the atmosphere, the destroying principle of the fungus is arrested. Thus, floors often appear perfect to the eye, when nothing is left undestroyed but the part immediately in view. Painted wood work is wholly decomposed; the paint preventing a spontaneous oxydation of its surface.

That this is a subject of importance to builders, and to tenants also, appears from the following instances of it.

I saw it in a house at Whitehall, built by Sir J. Vanbrugh. The house is, I think, only two stories high. The plant had ascended to the upper story, committing devastation on the wainscot all the way. It will destroy half-inch deal in a year, says Mr. Johnson.

It is a well known fact, that the great dome of the bank of England, as originally built by the late Sir Robert Taylor, was destroyed by this rot, while no other part suffered. The timber framing of this dome was of good sound oak.

This decomposition is, in some instances, effected so rapidly, that I have seen new wood in a few weeks utterly destroyed, leaving nothing but dust as a proof of its existence.

Mr. R. considers as the cause of this evil, a plant, the seeds of which "float in the air, and constantly pervade all matter, vegetating wherever they find a *pabulum*, and an elevation of temperature."

As this phenomenon appears to be the result of temperature and liberated gases, it will be necessary to examine the changes that they undergo in places affected with fungus rot. These changes being considerable, and owing to a volatilization of some of the vegetable principles, or of their parts, and these being very pernicious, and assuming various aspects, arising either from an absorption of part of the oxygen, or a combustion of the hydrogen, or probably from the formation of a certain quantity of carbonick gas, while these processes are going on, a part of the hydrogen may escape, carrying with it a small quantity of carbon, which being divided into minute particles by the aëriform solution, burns either at the same time or immediately afterwards. Thus the air, at the last term of its alteration, may be entirely deprived of its oxygen, contain also, a large portion of water, the greater part of which, not being preserved in a dissolved state, is precipitated, and becomes charged with a portion of vegetable matter in a state of vapour. Hence the formation of fungus, which this vapour impregnates in greater or less abundance, according to the quantity of seed that is present.

This fatal destroyer proceeding only from one cause, it may be removed by means of an artificial preparation. And, as it should act not only on the sap, but the wood also, it appeared to me, that the most effectual remedy would be *oxydation*. With this view, I oxydated several pieces of wood, both with nitrick acid and fire, and placed them in the most favourable situation among this pile. Portions of the same plank, and of similar dimensions, were placed constantly near them. During the first twenty days, no particular change was visible in either of the pieces. At the expiration of this period, on removing one of the unoxidated portions, I discovered particles of mould forming between the lamella of the wood, but not the least alteration was perceptible in the others, although surrounded by wood covered with and producing fungus. In sixty days, the pieces, and all that were near them, excepting the four previously oxidated, were entirely decomposed, exhibiting nearly the same appearances as have before been detailed.

From these facts, it is obvious, that oxydation is a certain remedy for the Dry Rot.

Mr. R. infers, that the whole superficies of any piece of wood being oxydated, whether by burning or by acids, no plant of any kind will grow on it; consequently, it may bid defiance to the dry rot fungus, as to all other. The practical remarks of practical men are always well entitled to attention; and we greatly prefer the experimental researches of this gentleman, to his theoretical reasonings.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Shepherd's Guide, being a Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep, their Causes, and the best Means of preventing them, &c. By James Hogg, the Ettrich Shepherd. 8vo. pp. 338. Price 7s. London.

MR. HOGG'S talents as a poet, together with a sketch of his history, have been submitted by us to our readers already; but the present work shows, that in paying his addresses to the muses, he did not forsake the immediate line of his duty and profession. Part of this volume is original, expressed in a simple style, and evidently the result of observation. Part of it is collected from good authorities. By the addition of these Mr. H. has made a volume; whereas his own materials would barely have composed a pamphlet.

As we are favourable to original and practical remarks, we do not hesitate to wish, that some of those before us were extensively known. They

are, indeed, derived from the North, and are calculated for Scotland; but they might be of service elsewhere; and, on a subject so important as the sheep, we need not fear a superfluity of knowledge—but then, let that knowledge be real. We insert the following as a specimen of the author's manner.

*Of the Hydrocephalus; or Water in the Head; alias Sturdy.*

This is the next disease which attacks them, and is commonly known by the latter denomination. A sheep affected by it becomes stupid; its eyes stare, and fix upon some different object from that which it is in fear of. It soon ceases from all intercourse with the rest of the flock, and is seen frequently turning round, or traversing a circle.

The water settles sometimes in one corner of the skull, sometimes in another; but whenever it begins, it continues to increase and gain upon the brain, until it is either extracted, or the animal so much wasted, that it dies as lean as wood, at which period the brain is commonly half wasted away, and the skull full of those noxious fluids. Sometimes it concentrates in the very middle of the brain, when it is very difficult to cure; and sometimes in the hinder parts, where it joins with the spinal marrow, when it is quite incurable. If this water is not extracted by some operation, the disease invariably terminates in the death of the animal.

In promoting the cure, the operator must feel for the part of the skull that is soft, and lay his thumb flat and firm upon that; then taking the wire in his right hand, push it up that nostril that points more directly for the place that is soft, where the disease is seated; and if he feel the point of the wire below his thumb, he may rest assured that the bag is perforated; and that if the brain do not inflame, the creature will grow better: but if he does not feel the point of the wire press against the soft part of the skull, on which the thumb of his left hand must be placed, it will be necessary to try the other nostril.

I have always observed that a sheep, on being wired, is sick, in proportion to the stiffness of gristle below the brain. If the wire is hard to go up, it is always very sick; but if it goes easily up, it puts it little off its ordinary. This I conceive to be occasioned by the wire taking a wrong vent, and perforating the most delicate and inflammable part of the brain. When one is wired, it is proper to take hold of it with both hands behind the ears, and shake its head loosely. This empties the bladder, and the water must find its way by the nose afterwards; for they will frequently grow quite better, though no water be seen to issue from the nostrils at that time. This makes them sicker for the present, but they are more apt to amend afterwards. If it were really necessary to extract the sack, or small bladder, which generally contains the water, the operation of trepanning would be, of all others, the most feasible; but if the water can be extracted, the sack is of little consequence, else so many could never be cured by wiring.

Another way is, to raise up, with a sharp knife, about the breadth of a sixpence, of the skin immediately over the part of the skull which is soft, then to raise about the half of that size of the soft skull, taking care not to separate them altogether, but let them keep hold of one side, folding them and keeping them back with the thumb, until the water is extracted; then fold them neatly down again, seal them, and cover all with a wax cloth, to defend them from the weather, &c.

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FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

The Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone, containing her Correspondence with Mr. Richardson; a Series of Letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter; and some Fugitive Pieces, never before published. Together with an Account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. 2 vols. Foolscep. London.

A MODEST preface ushers in this work, apologizing for troubling the world with particulars of a life so little varied, so much spent in retirement, as was that of Mrs. Chapone. But for the appearance of certain false and spurious memoirs, in which unpardonable liberties were taken with her character, this view of it would never have been presented to the publick. That so unpleasant a circumstance should have occur-

red, we regret; but we congratulate our readers on its consequence. It will surely be considered as a matter of general interest, especially to her own sex, to learn all that can be known, much or little, of so sensible a writer, and so respectable a woman. Mrs Chapone was the daughter of T. Mulso, Esq. of Tavywell, in Northamptonshire. Born at a period in which female education was at a very low ebb, she does not appear to have enjoyed, in early youth, even its usual advantages. Her mother, partly from ill health, partly through an unworthy jealousy, neglected to give her daughter the instruction which it was otherwise much in her power to have afforded, and during her childish years, Miss Mulso's reading was chiefly confined to the romances then in vogue. Just as she arrived at womanhood, her mother died.

From this period (says the writer of her life) might be dated the commencement of the most important circumstances of Miss Mulso's life. At the same time that she took upon herself the management of her father's house, she also undertook the cultivation of her own understanding; and by dint of active exertion, and successful application, gained those mental improvements, that secured to her that subsequent distinguished and admired rank in the literary world, which she was universally acknowledged to support. Though chiefly self-taught, she was nearly mistress of the French and Italian languages, and even made some proficiency in the Latin tongue.

Her studies were useful as well as elegant. She not only read, but reflected. And so acute was her judgment, that no disguise of flowing diction, or ornamented style, could mislead it. At an age when, perhaps, few readers are capable of very deep discrimination, she would scrutinize and controvert every point in which her own opinions did not acquiesce. That she read the Holy Scriptures both with delight and benefit to herself, her excellent directions for the study of them, in her letters, is a sufficient testimony.

She had a turn for both poetry and philosophy; but whether it were, that from the sanguineness of her temper, she loved to look on the bright side of every object, and consequently shrank with dissatisfaction from the unpleasing picture of human nature that truth exhibited, or from some other unknown cause, certain it is, she never, till towards the latter part of her life, could bring herself to relish the reading of history.

She was careful to select her acquaintance amongst persons from whom she could derive profit as well as pleasure; and it was probably owing to her enthusiastic admiration of genius, and desire of seizing every possible opportunity of improvement, that she became, for a time, one of the worshippers of Mr. Richardson. But even the acknowledged authority of the celebrated writer of *Clarissa*, could not obscure the clearness of her perception, nor check the ardour of investigation. The letters on the subject of parental authority and filial obedience, which make part of this publication, will prove with what ingenuity she could assert, and with what dignity, tempered with proper humility, she could maintain her own well grounded opinions.

Among the friends of Mr. Richardson was Mr. Chapone, a young student of the law, between whom and Miss Mulso a strong and mutual affection soon arose. An engagement was consequently formed, though pecuniary difficulties long opposed their union.

Miss Mulso passed this period of her life in a state of content and tranquillity, for which she never failed to express a pious gratitude, both in her conversations with, and her letters to, all her intimate friends. Excepting the circumstance of a weakly constitution, which seldom allowed her the enjoyment of full health, she had little interruption to her happiness.

She lived with a father whom she tenderly loved, and was, with his consent and approbation, frequently indulged in the society of a lover, for whom the ardour of her affection never experienced a moment's abatement from its earliest commencement.

Miss Mulso, both from her natural talents and elegant acquirements, was peculiarly qualified to shine in society, and her company was coveted by all who had ever shared in the charms of her conversation. Added to the superiority her excel-

lent understanding gave her, she was mistress of so ample a fund of humour, joined with an innate cheerfulness, as rendered her a most entertaining and desirable companion to all ages, as well as to both sexes.

Her musical talents, also, were such as occasioned her to be eagerly sought after by those who were lovers of real harmony. Though totally uninstructed, her voice was so sweet and powerful, her natural taste so exquisite, and her ear so accurate, that without any scientific knowledge, she would give a force of expression to Handel's compositions, that long practice, and professional skill, often failed to produce.

Towards the end of 1760, Miss M's thirty-third year, she married Mr. Chapone. Short was her dream of happiness. In ten months time her husband was suddenly carried off by a fever. After this melancholy event, the life of Mrs. C. scarcely offers an incident. She spent her winter in London lodgings; for the narrowness of her circumstances no longer allowed her to keep house. Her summers were divided among the country residences of several opulent and respectable friends, to whom her many excellent and agreeable qualities rendered her an ever welcome guest. In 1773, she published her "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;" a work replete with judicious, moral, and religious sentiments, with excellent remarks, to form the manners of young women, and direct them in the conduct of life. A work, in short, of practical wisdom and practical utility, which none of the numerous systems of female education since poured on the world, should be allowed to supersede in publick estimation, or to banish from the young lady's library. Two or three years afterwards appeared her little volume of "Miscellanies, in verse and prose, which," says the editor, "though allowed inferiour to her first publication, contains many specimens of the elegance and ingenuity of her mind." The remaining years of this excellent woman are only dated by her sorrows and losses. One by one, her friends dropped off. Her elder relations, her female friends, her nephew, her favourite niece, her beloved brother; all went before her. She and Mrs. Carter were almost the last relicks of a circle of intimates once large, once brilliant, once viewed with envy by the lettered and polite, and graced with the names of Montague, of Burrows, of Boscawen, and of Mulso.

The circumstances of the times would have added pecuniary difficulties to her other troubles; but these there were some still living who were eager to remove. Mrs. Chapone long bore up against misfortune with pious fortitude and native cheerfulness. Finally, she benefited by nature's last kind provision, and sunk into a gentle childishness. She expired in peace, on Christmas day, 1801, in the arms of her surviving niece, and "unremitting friend, Mrs. Amy Burrows." The friendship of Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Carter began early, and endured full fifty years. The extracts from Mrs. Chapone's part of their correspondence, which these volumes contain, are for the most part interesting, even without the help of anecdote or incident, by the strong sense, the ingenious, liberal, and inquiring mind, as well as the affectionate disposition which they exhibit. We present a few extracts, to whet the appetite of our readers.

Miss ———, who wrote to you from Northend, I suppose gave you some account of our delightful party there. How earnestly did we wish you with us. Mr. Richardson was all goodness to us, and his health being better than usual, enabled him to read and talk to us a great deal, with cheerfulness, which never appears more amiable than in him. We had a visit whilst there from your friend Mr. Johnson and poor Mrs. Williams. I was charmed with his behaviour to her, which was like that of a fond father to his daughter. She seemed much pleased with her visit; showed very good sense, with a great deal of modesty and humility; and so much patience and cheerfulness under her misfortune, that it doubled my concern for her. Mr.

Johnson was very communicative and entertaining, and did me the honour to address most of his discourse to me. I had the assurance to dispute with him on the subject of human malignity, and wondered to hear a man, who, by his actions, shows so much benevolence, maintain that the human heart is naturally malevolent, and that all the benevolence we see in the few who are good, is acquired by reason and religion. You may believe I entirely disagreed with him, being, as you know, fully persuaded that benevolence, or the love of our fellow creatures, is as much a part of our nature as self love, and that it cannot be suppressed or extinguished without great violence from the force of other passions. I told him I suspected him of these bad notions from some of his *Ramblers*, and had accused him to you; but that you persuaded me I had mistaken his sense. To which he answered, that if he had betrayed such sentiments in the *Ramblers*, it was not with design; for that he believed the doctrine of human malevolence, though a true one, is not a useful one, and ought not to be published to the world. Is there any truth that would not be useful, or that should not be known?

You hurt me to the heart, by the doubtful manner in which you answered my question concerning my poor friend. O, Miss Carter! how unsatisfactory is every connexion we can form in this life, unless we can look forward to the delightful hope of perpetuating it beyond the grave, and of sharing together a happiness without end or interruption! But I think there was always a difference in our opinions concerning the innocence of error. My own has been much staggered by the reverence I have for yours on all subjects of this kind; and I have now no firm and settled opinion about it. The merit of faith, if you confine the sense of the word to mere belief, always appeared to me a point of great difficulty. I wish you would give me your thoughts at large on the subject; particularly I would ask wherein the merit of belief consists? how far is it voluntary? and also, whether you do not think it possible for demonstrable truths to be proposed to a mind incapable of perceiving the demonstration, though willing to receive truth, and this, exclusive of the cases of lunacy and folly. Incapacity must of course be innocent: and there are circumstances which I believe may render a person of sound understanding, incapable of sound reasoning on some one subject; and these circumstances may not be matter of choice, but necessity: as for example, the strong bias of education and early prejudices. Experience shows us how very difficult it is to get the better of these; and the question with me is, whether it is even possible to some minds to get the better of them. When I see the strange absurdities the human mind is capable of, and the infinite variety of opinions that prevail amongst men, I shudder at the thought of condemning any person for his opinion; and yet, when I consider that opinion is that which governs all our actions, it should seem that opinion alone constitutes the man good or bad; and that, on the due regulation of our opinions depends all our virtue, or our guilt. In short, I am lost and bewildered in the question, and want your guiding hand to lead me into truth.

Methinks these little romantick tendernesses, these 'fond memorials,' are as natural, and almost as pleasing, to friendship as to love. Are you, I wonder, superior to all these unphilosophical indulgences of fancy? or do the woman and the poetess still keep their ground against the philosopher? I believe the last is true, and I should be sorry to find it otherwise. If I had not observed a few dear, comfortable signs of human weakness in you, my love would never have got the better of my reverence for you. What is the meaning, I wonder, that imperfections are so attractive? and that our hearts recoil against gigantick and unnatural excellence? It must be because perfection is unnatural, and because the sweetest charms and most endearing ties of society arise from mutual indulgence to each other's failings.

I have been reading Leland, and had begun by Miss ———'s desire to write remarks on it as I went along; but having seen hers, and your answer, I conceived it useless for me to go on, and have broken off in the middle, finished the book, and sent it home. I am much pleased with the work, though I have often wished that the scheme of it had allowed a larger scope to the answers in defence of Christianity, as his references would engage one in a dreadful long course of reading; such a one as I am sure I shall never attempt. In general, I think Dr. L. writes with candour and moderation, though I cannot acquit him of deviating a little from it in some few passages. Perhaps I am particularly nice in this respect. All reasoners ought to be perfectly dispassionate, and ready to allow all the force of the arguments they are to confute. But more especially those who argue in behalf

of Christianity, ought carefully to preserve the spirit of it in their manner of expressing themselves. I have so much honour for the Christian clergy, that I had much rather hear them railed at, than hear them rail. And I must say that I am often grievously offended with the generality of them, for their method of treating all who differ from them in opinion.

I am grieved to hear that you have suffered so much with the headach; for though you have learnt, from your friend Epictetus, to talk of the headach as if it were no evil, I, who hold all that stuff in mortal contempt, and who know you, with all your stoical airs, to be made of nothing better than flesh and blood, like my own, am not at all comforted by any of your jargon, nor yet, by your desiring me not to concern myself about you. Till I have learnt the art of converting my heart into a flint, of your master Epictetus, who has not yet been able to teach it you, I must and will concern myself about you. And I expect you, like an honest Christian, to concern yourself about me, and to be very glad to hear that I am wonderfully amended; and that my spirits have been pure well for this week past, notwithstanding a great cold, which has given me numberless pains, and prevented my enjoying the fine weather as much as I wished. I find myself almost as philosophical as you, about all illnesses that do not affect my spirits, and am quite thankful and happy with a hundred headachs, as long as *they* hold up and enable me to be agreeable.

How much am I, and how much are the Miss Burrowses obliged to you, for the very valuable and delightful acquisition you have made for us in Mrs. Montague's acquaintance. We all congratulated each other, as on a piece of high preferment, when she was so kind to invite us to dinner the other day; as we looked upon it as a happy token of her inclination to admit us to something like intimacy. I begin to love her so much that I am quite frightened at it, being conscious my own insignificance will probably always keep me at a distance that is not at all convenient for loving. We had no other company at dinner, except Mr. ———, a very clever, agreeable man. I want to know something about his inside. Did you ever dissect his heart? or is it like another gentleman's, of whom Mrs. M. said, that to look into his heart, would be to spoil one's own pleasure; like a child that breaks his plaything to see the inside of it.

The abbé Raynal dined at Mrs. Boscawen's, at Glanvilla, about ten days ago, and she was so obliging to ask Mrs. A. Burrows and me to meet him in the afternoon. I was exceedingly entertained, and not a little amazed, notwithstanding all I had heard about him, by the unceasing torrent of wit and stories, not unmingled with good sense, which flowed from him. He had held on at the same rate from one at noon, when he arrived at Glanvilla, and we heard that he went the same evening to Mrs. Montague's, in Hill-street, and kept on his speed till one in the morning. In the hour and half I was in his company, he uttered as much as would have made him an agreeable companion for a week, had he allowed time for answers. You see such a person can only be pleasing as a thing to wonder at once or twice. His conversation was, however, perfectly inoffensive, which is more than his writings promise. His vivacity, and the vehemence of his action (which, however, had not any visible connexion with his discourse) were amusing to me, who am little accustomed to foreigners. Mrs. Boscawen is a very good neighbour to us here, and a most delightful companion every where. I never knew her in finer spirits than of late. One could not but make a comparison much to her advantage, between the overwhelming display of the abbé's talents, and that natural, polite, and easy flow of wit and humour which enlivens her conversation.

I suppose you have read (for every body has) "Pursuits of Literature;" and have felt the same indignation I did at the author, for making a she dog of Mrs. Montague; and the same contempt for his taste, his spleen, envy, and nonsense, in that line which displays them all.

"Her yelp, though feeble, and her sandals blue."

A she dog in sandals is not more absurd than a feeble yelp applied to one of the ablest as well as most ingenious criticisms that ever was written. Indisposed as I was against the author, by this and some other instances of ill nature, I cannot but acknowledge that some of his notes and prefaces testify a laudable zeal on the right side, both in politicks and religion, which should mollify our resentment against his scurrility and indecency.

The correspondence with Richardson, on the subject of filial obedience, which, at the age of three and twenty, Miss Mulso had the spirit to enter

upon, does her the highest credit. Though a warm admirer of the genius of that celebrated novelist, she was sensible of his great deficiencies; his total want of learning; of enlargement of mind; and the spirit of philosophy. Her objections to his system of parental authority are stated with a clearness and energy which would do honour to the most practised writer and thinker.

A king is vested with power over his subjects, that he may maintain order amongst them, and provide for their safety and welfare. Parents have a natural authority over their children, that they may guide their steps during their infancy and youth, whilst their reason is too weak to be trusted with the direction of their own actions. But though this motive to obedience ceases when the children are grown up, and endowed, as it may happen, with stronger reason than their parents; yet then, love and gratitude take place, and oblige them to the same observance and submission to the will of their parents, in all cases except where a higher duty interferes, or where the sacrifice they are expected to make is greater than any degree of gratitude can require. For though gratitude may demand that those who, under God, were the authors of my life, and who provided for its support when I was incapable of doing it myself, should have a proper control over me, and that in all reasonable instances, my will should submit to theirs; yet you must allow that to suffer me to live, yet bid me destroy all the peace and happiness of my life, is to exact a much harder obedience; an obedience which no human creature can have a right to exact from another. Yet this was not all that was exacted from Clarissa by her father and family. She was not only commanded to sacrifice her happiness, but her innocence. The marriage they would have forced her to, would not only have plunged her into misery but guilt; a guilt no less black than that of solemn perjury before the altar of God. Can it then be made a doubt whether she had a natural right to refuse her obedience in this case, and, when brutal force was designed, to use every method her own prudence could suggest to get out of their power. Had she not a right to disclaim an authority which was made use of, not according to its true end, to promote her happiness, but to make her miserable; not to lead her to good, but to drag her to sin and perdition? If then, what she did was just and reasonable, why is she represented as continually afflicting her soul with remorse and fear, on account of this one action of self defence, and suffering as much horror and dread from her father's diabolical curse, as if he had really the power of disposing of her happiness in the next world as well as in this! Why is Clarissa, who is drawn as a woman of so good an understanding, and who reasons so justly on all other subjects, to be so superstitious and weak in her apprehensions of parental authority? She is so fettered by prejudice that she does not allow her reason to examine how far her conduct is to be justified or blamed; but implicitly joins with her father to condemn herself, when neither reason nor religion condemns her. Does not this, in some measure, call in question the foundation of her other virtues, which, if not grounded on reason, but on blind prejudice and superstition, lose all their value? The enemies of virtue are too ready to accuse its followers of superstition, of laying themselves under restraints, which God and nature never imposed on them. I would therefore have those characters, which are drawn as patterns of virtue, keep clear of superstition; and show that the precepts of religion are most agreeable to reason and nature, and productive of our happiness, even in this world. Will you forgive me, dear sir, for making this objection to a character which is otherwise unexceptionable, and which is calculated to promote religion and virtue more than any fiction that ever appeared in the world? I dare say that you will be able to convince me, that I have considered this part of the character in a wrong light; at least, if you take the pains to try, you will convince me that you do not think my opinion below your notice; and that you have more regard for me than I can any way deserve, but by the sincere esteem and affectionate value, with which I am good Mr. Richardson's obliged humble servant,

HESTER MULSO.

FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

**Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Honourable Henry Home of Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and one of the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary in Scotland: containing Sketches of the Progress of Literature and general Improvement in Scotland during the greater Part of the eighteenth Century.** 2 vols. 4to.

THE literary labours and publick life of lord Kames, were sufficiently distinguished to render him a fit subject of biographical memorial. Independently also of his personal claims, his connexions with men of literature in Scotland were so extensive, and subsisted during such a length of time, that the narration of his life must necessarily include no inconsiderable portion of interesting anecdote relative to the period in which he flourished. His present biographer is well qualified to render justice to his subject, by his knowledge of the character which he undertakes to delineate; the similarity of many of his pursuits; the extent of his literary information; and his acquaintance with many of the principal persons whom his subject incidentally brings to the notice of his readers. We are, therefore, in taking up these volumes, less alarmed than in many similar instances at the length to which they are expanded.

Henry Home was born at Kames, in the county of Berwick, in the year 1696, of an honourable, but not opulent family. To his early education, which was private, he does not appear to have been indebted for much proficiency. With a slender stock of learning, acquired under a tutor of apparently narrow attainments, he was, about the year 1712, bound by indenture to attend the office of a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. An accidental introduction to sir Hugh Dalrymple, then president of the court of session, impressed him strongly with the idea of the *otium cum dignitate* to be attained by honourable and active perseverance in the higher departments of the legal profession. He therefore determined to abandon the more limited occupation of a writer, and to qualify himself for the functions of an advocate before the supreme courts.

He now began to apply himself with great diligence to remedy the defects of his domestick education, resuming the study of the Greek and Latin languages, and adding that of the French and Italian, together with the cultivation of various scientifick pursuits, which he carried on at the same time with the study of the law. His favourite pursuits appear, however, to have been of a metaphysical nature. In 1723, he was engaged in a correspondence with Andrew Baxter, the well known author of "An Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul," and of "Matho, sive cosmtheoria puerilis," who was then employed in superintending the education of the son of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Kames. The correspondence related to topicks both physical and metaphysical, and was protracted by the perseverance of Home to a length which exhausted the patience of Baxter, who could feel little pleasure in carrying on a controversy with an adversary at that time deficient even in elementary information relative to the subject of debate.

In the same year Mr. Home, who seems to have felt a strong passion for metaphysical controversy, entered the lists with Dr. S. Clarke, whose books, on the being and attributes of God, at that time attracted much of the publick notice. Clarke "answered the objections of his correspondent briefly, but pointedly, and with the most perfect good temper; yet in such a strain, as to prompt to no further continuance of the controversy."

Mr. Home was called to the bar in 1724. His powers of oratory were not shining, and the first circumstance which brought him into notice,

was the publication, in 1728, of a folio volume of "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session," from 1716 to that period, which are stated by lord Woodhouselee, a competent authority, to be executed with great judgment. By the solidity of his legal knowledge, and the ingenuity and success of his pleadings, though unadorned by any graces of external manner, Mr. Home now rapidly rose to great eminence at the bar.

In 1732, he published a small volume under the title of "Essays upon several Subjects in Law," &c. suggested in the course of his practice as a counsel, an analysis of which is furnished by lord Woodhouselee.

Mr. Home was at this time connected, in habits of close intimacy, with the principal persons of literary eminence who inhabited or frequented the Scotch metropolis, who furnished lord Woodhouselee with an entertaining chapter of anecdotes. The most remarkable of these is the celebrated David Hume, whose acquaintance with Mr. Home seems to have commenced about the year 1737, at the time when the former was engaged in the publication of his first work, the "Treatise of Human Nature."

In 1741, Mr. Home was married to miss Agatha Drummond, a younger daughter of James Drummond, Esq. of Blair, in the county of Perth, a lady who is characterized as possessing an excellent understanding, and most amiable temper. The following extract describes the mode of domestick life now adopted by him.

But with this laudable attention to economy, Mr. Home's mode of living was consistent with every rational enjoyment of social and polished life. He had accustomed himself, from his earliest years, to a regular distribution of his time; and, in the hours dedicated to serious occupation, it was no light matter that ever made him depart from his ordinary arrangements. The day was devoted chiefly to professional duties. He had always been in the habit of rising early; in summer between five and six o'clock; in winter, generally, two hours before daybreak. This time was spent in preparation for the ordinary business of the court; in reading his briefs; or in dictating to an amanuensis. The forenoon was passed in the court of session, which, at that time, commonly rose soon after midday; thus allowing an hour or two before dinner for a walk with a friend. In town, he rarely either gave or accepted of invitations to dinner, as the afternoon was required for business and study. If the labours of the day were early accomplished, and time was left for a party at cards before supper, he joined the ladies in the drawing room, and partook, with great satisfaction, in a game of whist, which he played well; though not always with perfect forbearance, if matched with an unskilful partner. Yet even these little sallies of temper were amusing, and seasoned with so much good humour, that they rather pleased than offended the person who was their object. At other times, he was not unfrequently seen of an evening at the theatre, the concert, or assembly room; and, possessing, to a wonderful degree, the power of discharging his mind of every thing that was not in consonance with his present occupations, he partook, with the keenest relish, in the amusements of the gay circle which surrounded him. It was delightful to see the man of business and the philosopher mingling, not only with complacence, but with ease, in the light and trivial conversation of the *beau monde*, and rivaling, in animation and vivacity, the sprightliest of the votaries of fashion, whose professed object is pleasure, and the enjoyment of the passing hour. The evening was generally closed by a small domestick party, where a few of his intimate friends assembled, for the most part without invitation, found a plain but elegant little supper; and where, enlivened often by some of Mrs. Home's female acquaintance, the hours were passed in the most rational enjoyment of sensible and spirited conversation, and easy, social mirth, till after midnight. Such was the tenour of Mr. Home's life, while engaged in the most extensive business as a barrister; and such, with little variation in the distribution of his time, it continued to be, after his promotion to the bench.

The seasons of vacation were usually spent in the country, in an intermixture of literary studies, and rural and agricultural pursuits, to which Mr. Home was attached in a degree which furnished matter of some sur-

prise to the neighbouring Scottish gentry, who were at that time little sensible of the value of such labours.

In 1741, he published, in two volumes folio, "The Decisions of the Court of Session, from its institution to the present time, abridged and digested under proper heads in the form of a Dictionary." This work was the labour of many years; is said to be of the highest utility to the profession of the law in Scotland, the reports of the decisions of the supreme court not having been before methodized, and for the most part existing only in a few manuscript collections, not easily accessible, nor to be perused and consulted without much unpleasant labour. A supplement of two volumes was added to this work by lord Woodhouselee, under the direction and inspection of lord Kames himself.

During the rebellion in 1745 and 1746, the proceedings of the court of session were suspended for a period of eleven months. This interval was employed by Mr. Home in various researches into subjects connected with the history, laws, and ancient usages of his country. The result of his inquiries he published in 1747, under the title of "Essays upon several Subjects concerning British Antiquities," consisting of five dissertations, on the introduction of the feudal law; on the constitution of parliament; on honour and dignity; on succession or descent; and an appendix on the hereditary and indefeasible right of kings, in which he adopts whig principles.

In 1731, he published "Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion," which his biographer considers as intended to counteract the noxious tendency which he attributed to certain principles advanced by Hume, in his philosophical essays; especially that of utility or expediency, laid down by that author as the foundation of morals, and supported by him with much force of argument and ingenuity of illustration; and his theory respecting the connexion of cause and effect, as apprehended by the human mind, which has been much misunderstood, and, in combating which, lord Kames seems to have come to a conclusion differing little more than verbally from that of the author, whose doctrine he was contesting. In these dissertations, Mr. Home advanced a whimsical theory for the purpose of reconciling the opinions of liberty and necessity. By this work, undertaken in defence of the principles of morality and natural religion against the attacks of scepticism, the author had the misfortune to draw on himself the charges of impiety and scepticism.

In February 1752, Mr. Home was appointed a judge of the court of session, and took his seat, by the name of lord Kames, on the bench, which he adorned by his legal knowledge, his love of justice, and the general courtesy and moderation of his manners. From this time he continued to occupy a distinguished place, both in the literature and jurisprudence of his country. In 1755, he was appointed a member of the board of trustees for the encouragement of the fisheries, arts, and manufactures of Scotland, and a commissioner for the management of forfeited estates annexed to the crown, the revenues of which were to be applied to the improvement of the uncultivated tracts of Scotland. He continued his literary labours by the publication, in 1757, of the "Statute Law of Scotland, abridged, with Historical Notes," a work which is said to contain a clear and compendious view of the subject, and continues to be a book of authority with the practitioners in the Scotch courts.

Lord Kames was sensible of the bad effects resulting from the different systems of law by which the northern and southern divisions of the island are governed, and was engaged in a correspondence with the earl of Hard-

wicke, then lord chancellor, on this important subject. His researches respecting it were given to the world in a volume of "Historical Law Tracts," printed at Edinburgh in 1759, in which he traces the history of law, and endeavours to point out the alterations which changes of circumstances render expedient.

The active mind of lord Kames did not confine itself to labours and studies connected with the profession in which he was engaged. In 1761, he published a small volume entitled, "An Introduction to the Art of Thinking:" the object of which was, to point out the means of improving the faculty or habit of abstraction, and the formation of general observations, and comprising various maxims, original and borrowed, illustrated by historical anecdotes and fables.

About this time Dr. Franklin, in company with his eldest son, visited Scotland, and received from lord Kames marks of attention which laid the foundation of an uninterrupted friendship and correspondence. The following remarks of Dr. Franklin on a picture, said to be that of Penn, are curious.

Your lordship's kind offer of Penn's picture is extremely obliging. But were it certainly his picture, it would be too valuable a curiosity for me to think of accepting it. I should only desire the favour of leave to take a copy of it. I could wish to know the history of the picture before it came into your hands, and the grounds for supposing it his. I have at present some doubts about it. First, because the primitive quakers used to declare against pictures as a vain expense. A man's suffering his portrait to be taken, was condemned as pride. And I think to this day it is very little practised among them. Then, it is on a board; and I imagine the practice of painting portraits on boards, did not come down so low as Penn's time; but of this I am not certain. My other reason is, an anecdote I have heard: viz. That when old lord Cobham was adorning his gardens at Stowe with the busts of famous men, he made inquiry of the family, for a picture of William Penn, in order to get a bust formed from it, but could find none. That Sylvanus Bevan, an old quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he takes of countenances, and a knack he has of cutting in ivory strong likenesses of persons he has once seen, hearing of lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had been well acquainted, and cut a little bust of him in ivory which he sent to lord Cobham, without any letter or notice that it was Penn's. But my lord, who had personally known Penn, on seeing it, immediately cried out: "Whence comes this? It is William Penn himself!" And from this little bust, they say, the large one in the gardens was formed.—I doubt, too, whether the whisker was not quite out of use, at the time when Penn must have been of the age appearing in the face of that picture. And yet, notwithstanding these reasons, I am not without some hope that it may be his; because I know some eminent quakers have had their pictures privately drawn and deposited with trusty friends: and I know also that there is extant at Philadelphia, a very good picture of Mrs. Penn, his last wife. After all, I own I have a strong desire to be satisfied concerning this picture; and as Bevan is yet living here, and some other old quakers that remember William Penn, who died but in 1718, I would wish to have it sent me, carefully packed in a box, by the wagon (for I would not trust it by sea) that I may obtain their opinion. The charges I shall very cheerfully pay; and if it proves to be Penn's picture, I shall be greatly obliged to your lordship for leave to take a copy of it, and will carefully return the original.

In 1762, appeared the "Elements of Criticism," one of the works by which the name of lord Kames is chiefly known to the general reader. The object of this work is the establishment of a philosophical theory of criticism, and the application of its principles to the appreciation of works of literature and taste; an ingenious production, but rather the offspring of speculation and reasoning, than of a quick and habitual perception of the grand and beautiful; and therefore dry and cold in its manner, and sometimes erroneous in its decisions.

In 1763, lord Kames was appointed one of the lords of justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal in Scotland. Although at this period unen-

gaged in any publick, literary labour, he maintained an extensive epistolary correspondence, on various subjects of speculation, with men of science and literary reputation. Among the names of his correspondents, we now find those of Dean Tucker, and Mr. Harris, of Salisbury.

The estate of Blair-Drummond devolving to the possession of lord Kames, he was induced, by his attention to agricultural subjects, to project and execute a variety of extensive improvements. Among these was the undertaking of clearing the moss of Kincardine, a level swamp about four miles in length, and from one to two in breadth, containing about two thousand Scotch acres. This extensive tract was covered with a stratum of moss, on an average from eight to nine feet in thickness, beneath which was known to lie a soil of rich clay and vegetable mould, which had been formerly overspread with forest trees. The scheme of lord Kames was, to float this immense body of moss into the Firth, by means of channels cut through it into the river. The practicability of the undertaking having been ascertained by experiments made on a small scale, it has been gradually carried nearly into complete execution, and is said to have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of the projector.

The commercial prosperity of his country was an object which likewise engaged the attention of lord Kames. In 1765, he published a pamphlet on the progress of the flax-husbandry in Scotland, with the view of promoting the cultivation of an article important to the national manufactures. His legal labours were resumed in the publication of a folio volume of "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session, from 1730 to 1752."

The disputes between Great Britain and her American colonies now began to occupy the attention and agitate the feelings of men of all orders. On the question of right, lord Kames has publicly expressed his sentiments in coincidence with the maxims unfortunately adopted by the British government. The question of policy he viewed in a different light. An interesting letter on this subject from Dr. Franklin is inserted, which displays the extent and wisdom of his political views. He unhappily met with the fate of other political prophets.

In 1774, lord Kames published his "Sketches of the History of Man;" a work which had, during a considerable period, occupied the hours which he was able to redeem from the exercise of his publick duties. The primary doctrine of his philosophy "that the savage state was the original condition of man in every part of the globe, and that all his advances to improvement and civilisation have taken place through the gradual operation of the instinctive principles of his nature," found, as might be expected, many opponents. Among these was Dr. Doig, of Sterling (little known, we believe, to the publick, but who appears to have been a writer of great ingenuity and learning) who replied to lord Kames in two letters on the savage state. An interesting account of this author is given by lord Woodhouselee.

It is a remarkable instance of the unabated activity of lord Kames's mind, that in his eightieth year he published a work on agriculture, to which he had at all times given much of his attention. He gave to this book the title of the Gentleman Farmer.

Lord Kames enjoyed, till the advanced age of eighty-five, the uninterrupted blessings of health, and the vigour of his intellectual faculties. He had nearly completed his eighty-sixth year, when he was seized with a disorder of the bowels, which he at first disregarded, but which, not yielding to medicine or regimen, began in a few months to threaten a fatal termination. The closing scenes are thus described.

For the following interesting particulars, I am indebted to the information of his daughter-in-law, to whom alone they were known. And I am anxious to give them, as nearly as I can, in her own words.—A very few days before his departure from Blair-Drummond, in a short walk which he took with her in the garden, he desired her to sit down by him on one of the benches; saying, he felt himself much fatigued; and adding, that he was sensible he was now growing weaker every day. On her expressing a hope, that on going to town, his friend Dr. Cullen, who knew his constitution, might be able to give him some advice that would be of service to him; and that she flattered herself, his disease had been rather less troublesome to him for some time past: "My dear child," said he, looking in her face with an earnest and animated expression, "don't talk of my disease: I have no disease but old age. I know that Mrs. Drummond and my son are of a different opinion; but why should I distress them sooner than is necessary? I know well that no physician on earth can do me the smallest service: for I feel that I am dying; and I thank God, that my mind is prepared for that event. I leave this world in peace and good will to all mankind. You know the dread I have had of outliving my faculties. Of that I trust there is now no great probability, as my body decays so fast. My life has been a long one; and prosperous, on the whole, beyond my deserts: but I would fain indulge the hope, that it has not been useless to my fellow creatures. My last wish regarded my son and you, my dear child; and I have lived to see it accomplished. I am now ready to obey my Maker's summons."—He then poured forth a short, but solemn and impressive prayer. On leaving the garden, he said: "This is my last farewell to this place: I think I shall never see it more. I go to town chiefly to satisfy Mrs. Drummond—otherwise I could willingly have remained here. But go where I will, I am in the hands of Almighty God.

He left Blair-Drummond in the beginning of November; and the court of session meeting soon after for the winter, he went thither on the first day of the term, and took his seat with the rest of the judges. He continued for some little time to attend the meetings of the court, and to take his share in its usual business; but soon became sensible that his strength was not equal to the effort. On the last day of his attendance, he took a separate and affectionate farewell of each of his brethren. He survived that period only about eight days. He died on the 27th of December, 1782, in the 87th year of his age. A letter which he wrote within a few days of his death to lord Gardenstone, as a member of the Board of Trustees for Arts and Manufactures, and a personal application which he made within the same period, to his friend Mr. Arbuthnot, the secretary of the same board, in behalf of a very deserving man, who had fallen into indigence, bear testimony that his mind was occupied, even in its last moments, with matters of publick concern, and of private beneficence.

Such are the outlines of the life of lord Kames. The sketch is filled up in the volumes before us, by the intermixture of his correspondence; analysis of his works; biographical anecdotes of numerous literary and publick characters with whom he was connected; and digressive dissertations on law, literature and science. The style is pure and perspicuous; the materials and subject interesting; and the volume, though prolix, seldom wearisome.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The History of the World, from the Reign of Alexander to that of Augustus. By John Gillies, LL.D. 2 vols. 4to. London.—This work is now publishing by Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia, in 3 vols. 8vo. price \$7. to subscribers: to nonsubscribers \$8.

THE countries of Western Asia afford no very flattering precedent to those who, confident in the perfectability of mankind, see nothing but prospects of brilliancy before them, and anticipate ages of progressive improvement, with no danger of backward steps, and no boundary but the dissolution of the world. It is on the desolate plains, and among the degraded inhabitants of those regions, that we must look for the source of our arts, our letters, our religion, our population itself. There may seem

to be a sort of compensation in the state of human society at different periods ; and the polished kingdoms of Europe may be considered rather to have supplied the place of Egypt and Ionia, than to have been added to the permanent mass of civilized life.

The melancholy interest which the downfall of this portion of the globe has thrown over its history, is heightened by the difficulty with which that history is learned, and the mysteriousness which hangs over great part of it. It is lighted, indeed, in its earlier periods, with so faint and quivering a lamp of authentick testimony, that the acuteness and erudition of modern times has constantly been baffled in attempting to dispel the gloom. A stronger ray breaks upon us about the age of Cyrus, a period which, so far as that part of the world is concerned, forms a line of demarcation between known and unknown history. But, relatively to the state of society in those countries, a more important epoch is fixed by the subsequent conquests of Alexander. The Persian dynasty, like those still more ancient, was barbarian. It was under the dominion of Greece, and afterwards of Rome, that Asia became, for a period of 900 years, the seat of regular military discipline, of diffused opulence, of legal government, and of philosophy.

It is during the earlier and more splendid part of this term, the interval between Alexander and Augustus, that the present author has undertaken to relate the revolution of the Grecian world, enlarged as that was by the successes of the former conqueror. A more interesting or honourable labour could scarcely have been chosen by the historian ; nor one which presents more frequent opportunities of beguiling his own task and that of his readers, by illustrations from various branches of ancient and modern literature. In a former history of Greece, which has long since been given to the world, and which still continues, as we are told by the author in his preface, to experience publick indulgence, Dr. Gillies deduced the narrative to the death of Alexander. The military exploits of that hero fell, therefore, within its compass ; but his political institutions, which were destined to become the ground work of the Macedonian dominion in the east, seemed more properly reserved for the commencement of the present undertaking. Accordingly Dr. Gillies, in five preliminary chapters, has entered, as well upon these arrangements of Alexander, and upon the plans which were interrupted by his death, as upon the political geography of his dominions, and the history, so far as it can be known, of those considerable nations which had previously been melted down into the mass of the Persian empire.

In eleven years of perpetual victory, Alexander had traversed Asia from the Hellespont to the Hyphasis, and become the undisputed possessor of territories, nearly commensurate in their limits with the present kingdoms of Turkey and Persia. This conquest is not more memorable for the great and permanent revolution which it effected, than for the apparent inadequacy of the means. The throne of the successors of Cyrus, incomparably the greatest potentates who had hitherto existed within the limits of the ancient world, though protected, not more by the countless multitude of their own subjects, than by the disciplined valour of Grecian mercenaries, was subverted within two years, by an army which fell considerably short of 40,000 men. After the battle of Arbela, in which the Greeks, with incredible exaggeration, report 300,000 barbarians to have fallen, no further resistance was opposed by Persia. The remaining part of Alexander's career was employed, and, some may think, wasted, in reducing the fierce and independent barbarians of the Oxus and the Indus, with so pro-

ed a display of personal valour, upon occasions comparatively unimportant, that we may reasonably suspect the ruling passion of his mind to have been not so much ambition, as the love of that frivolous glory which the foolish Greeks lavished upon the fabulous heroes of their poetical romances. Yet the death of Darius may have been of considerable importance to his success. It led the Persians to look upon him as a legitimate sovereign, whose title was sanctioned by conquest, and secured by the absence of competitors. It seems, indeed, a singular coincidence between his history, and that of the Roman hero most frequently compared to him, that each was relieved of his opponent by an assassination, in which he had no concern and of which he reaped the full benefit, with the credit of punishing the traitor, and lamenting the treason.

Triumphs so easily achieved, may justly lead us as much to contempt of the vanquished, as to admiration of the conqueror. The unwieldy Colossus of the Persian empire tottered at the slightest blow; the vast living masses which barbarian despotism mistook for armies, were never led to battle without discomfiture; and the experience of a century and a half, from the memorable engagements of Marathon and Salamis, had proved, that nothing but the disunion of the Greeks could have preserved the Persian ascendancy upon the coasts of the Mediterranean. The weakness, indeed, of that monarchy seems greater than might have been expected, from the natural bravery of some of its constituent nations; and we are surprised to find, among those who so tamely submitted to the yoke of Alexander, the ancestors of those warlike and polite barbarians, who, under the Parthian kings, and the dynasty of the Sassanidæ, repelled the Roman eagles, and avenged the violation of their territory in the blood of Crassus and of Julian. But the Greeks overlooked this consideration in the splendour of their hero's exploits. He obtained the name of the greatest, as well as the most successful commander whom the world had seen; and is said to have been placed in this rank by some who might seem well entitled to contest it with him. Later writers, especially the Romans, who were jealous of his renown, came to dwell more upon the unfavourable parts of his character. His wild ambition; his disgraceful intemperance; his love for adulation and servility; all the spots and blemishes of his fervid temperament, became the theme of satirists and philosophers; and the conqueror of Asia has been held up in no other light than that of a madman, and a destroyer. The ingenious refinement of our own times has done justice, and perhaps more than justice, to his political institutions. He certainly appears to have conceived enlightened commercial projects; and the numerous cities, judiciously founded in different parts of his empire, are proofs of the precautions he took to secure its durability. Yet so much of vain ambition, and even mere geographical curiosity, seems to have actuated the mind of Alexander, that we may doubt whether the celebrated voyage of Nearchus, and the correspondent march of the army through Caramania, had any object more precise than that of discovering and subduing what had been unexplored before. It seems still more doubtful to us, whether his assumption of the Persian dress, and exchange of the liberal spirit of free Greeks, for the baseness of oriental homage, was rather founded in deep policy, than in the intoxication which prosperity naturally produces, in a mind fond of power and of flattery. By this conduct, which is applauded by Dr. Gillies, as it was by Robertson, he lost the affections of his Macedonian soldiers, which his own experience might have taught him to be more important, than those of the cowardly multitudes whom they had helped him to overcome. However generous the

theory may appear, of regarding all denominations of subjects with equal favour. it should surely be effected rather by exalting the weak, than by degrading the strong. And, inconsistent with liberal government as we may think the vassallage of one nation to another, intermingled in the same territory, it has constantly recurred in the revolutions of the east, and is apparently inevitable, where great differences exist in the civil and military improvements of the two.

The predilection of Alexander for Persian customs will not appear the more judicious, if we consider his actual conquests as parts only of a scheme so extensive, that the countries east of the Euphrates would, had it been realized, have formed the least important portion of his empire. He bequeathed, as a legacy to his successors, the invasion of the Carthaginian dominions, and the task of bearing the Macedonian standard to the pillars of Hercules. Italy, it seems, would next have attracted him; and it has been matter of speculation, whether the power then rising in that country, and destined one time to plant its foot upon the neck of both his hereditary and acquired kingdoms, would have been found already ripe for the conflict. What Livy, like an indignant patriot asserts, Dr. Gillies, like a stanch admirer of Alexander, denies; and upon the whole, we do not quarrel with his conclusions. But we think him deceived in supposing, that the resistance of Rome would have been less formidable than that of Carthage. It seems one of those modern refinements upon history, of which we spoke above, to overrate the merits of that republic. Rich, without politeness or letters; active in commercial enterprise, without skill or courage in arms; she waged ignominious wars in Sicily with almost incessant defeat, and trembled for her own capital, on the incursion of a petty tyrant of Syracuse. But the strongest proof of her intrinsic cowardice and weakness is, that, in spite of her great maritime experience, she was unable to contend, during the punick war, with the first naval armaments that were fitted out from the mouth of the Tiber.

That part of Dr. Gillies's introductory chapters which relates to Alexander himself, is rather awkwardly interrupted with a description of the countries under his dominion, and long digressions upon their previous history. This is a fruitful and almost boundless field. Dark as the earlier ages of Asia appear, there are not wanting scattered notices and remnants of tradition, enough to establish a few truths, and to sweep away a pile of errors. They bear, however, in strictness, but a small relation to the main narrative; yet we have ever regarded as pedantry, the cold criticism which would bind a historian to the mere letter of his undertaking, and condemn the delightful episodes of Gibbon, as idle and irrelevant. In that writer, it is impossible to admire, sufficiently, either the prodigality with which he pours out his stores of knowledge, or the facility with which he preserves their disposition and arrangement. It is impossible to compliment Dr. Gillies with equal praise in either of these respects; but we can say, that we have read these preliminary chapters with pleasure, and that he appears to have collected, though we suspect by no means exhausted, the materials which are to be found in various branches of ancient and modern literature. It would have been well, perhaps, if he had dwelt more, and with clearer method, upon the civil condition of these countries, at the time of Alexander's conquests, and less upon ancient and uncertain events.

The history of Assyria occupies a considerable portion both of the second and third chapters; and with respect to this obscure and contested subject, Dr. Gillies conceives that he has discovered a satisfactory expli-

tion. Such of our readers as have attempted to pierce the darkness of antiquity, are well aware that the received accounts of that country, including the exploits of those eminent personages, Ninus and Semiramis, rest principally upon the authority of Diodorus, who has expressly borrowed them from Ctesias, a writer notorious for want of veracity; and that the great extent assigned by them to the Assyrian empire, in times of high antiquity, is apparently irreconcilable with the account given in scripture of the progress of the Assyrian arms in the eighth century before the Christian era; till which time, the cities of Mesopotamia, in the very vicinity of Ninevah, seem to have been governed by small, independent sovereigns. Dr. Gillies, to reconcile all difficulties, supposes two cities to have existed of that name; one at Mosul upon the Tigris, the commonly supposed site of Ninevah; the other at 400 miles distance, in the Babylonian plain; and in this latter, he places the seat of the empire of Ninus, and of the great works which are ascribed to his name. So far, however, as we have attended to the point, there seems only one reason which countenances the supposition of this double Ninevah, and that reason is not distinctly stated by Dr. Gillies. It is, that Diodorus, differing herein, we believe, from every other writer, places the city built by Ninus, upon the Euphrates, instead of the Tigris. If this can be got over, there appears to us no great weight in Dr. Gillies's arguments. There is no doubt that Ninevah was a great and populous city, long before those conquests of the Assyrian kings, which established the first great monarchy in the east. It appears to have been properly what Mr. Bryant calls it, "a walled province," comprising a circumference of fifty-one miles, within which were large pastures, and probably land in tillage. And this policy, we may remark, of walling in so great an extent, does not suggest to us the peaceful capital of a mighty empire. To the east, indeed, the Assyrians are said by Herodotus to have possessed dominion for several centuries, and especially over Media. The authority of that historian is deservedly great and the fact, perhaps, contains no improbability. At the same time, the account given by Herodotus of the election of Dejoces, first king of the Medes, after their revolt from the Assyrians, seems rather applicable to a people living in a rude and almost patriarchal state of society, than to one who had lately shaken off the yoke of a powerful nation; an enterprise which could hardly have been carried on, without some degree of confederacy and military government. It may be added, that the oriental histories of Persia, which, though not of much antiquity, acquire some credit by their great resemblance to what we read in Herodotus, appear to be silent with respect to the occupation of Media by the Assyrians. We suspect, however, that many of our readers may find themselves exceedingly indifferent about this profound question; and as they may be anxious to become better acquainted with Dr. Gillies, we shall present them with the following extract, taken with no particular preference, from the second section of his introduction.

The same rank which Bactra held in Ariaria, Pessinus appears to have early acquired in Lesser Asia. Pessinus stood in the finest plain of Phrygia, which was anciently the most important, as well as largest province in that peninsula. It was washed by the river Sangarius, and in the near vicinity of the castle and palace of Gordium, revered for its mysterious knot involving the fate of Asia, and which had remained for upwards of a thousand years untied, when it was finally cut by the sword of Alexander. Pessinus was thus situate in a district of high celebrity, and on the great caravan road which we formerly traced through the smooth and central division of the Asiatic peninsula. This road, in approaching the seacoast, split into three branches, leading into Mysia, Lydia, and Caria; small but important

provinces, which shone in arts and industry many ages before their winding shores were occupied by Grecian colonies. From Lydia, then called Meonia, Pelops carried into Greece his golden treasures, the source of power to his family in the peninsula, to which he communicated the name of Peloponnesus. To the Lydians and Carians, many inventions are ascribed, bespeaking much ingenuity and early civilisation. The coast of Mysia was embraced by the venerable kingdom of Priam, the Hellespontian Phrygia; and the more inland Phrygians, who were said to have colonized that maritime district, pretended, on grounds, some of them solid, and others extremely frivolous, to vie in antiquity with the Egyptians themselves. The three nations of Phrygians, Lydians, and Carians, were intimately connected with each other by the community of religious rites, as well as by the ties of blood and language. They accordingly exhibited a striking uniformity in manners and pursuits, which, to a reader conversant with Roman history, may be described most briefly, by observing, that the principal features of their character are faithfully delineated in the effeminacy, ingenuity, and pompous vanity of the Tuscans, a kindred people, and their reputed descendants.

These industrious and polished, but unwarlike inhabitants on the coast of the Egean, were connected by many links with Upper Asia, but particularly by Pessinus, the ancient capital of the Phrygian kings, and at the same time the first and principal sanctuary, in those parts, of the mother of the gods, thence called the Pessinuntian Goddess, and more frequently the Idean Mother, Cybele, Berecynthia, Dindymené, names all of them derived from her long established worship on neighbouring mountains. The festivals of Cybele are selected, in poetical description, as among the most showy and magnificent in paganism; and both the commerce and the superstition of Pessinus continued to flourish in vigour even down to the reign of Augustus. But in his age the ministers of the divinity, though they still continued magistrates of the city, had exceedingly declined in opulence and power; and instead of being independent sovereigns with considerable revenues, might be described in modern language, in a work less grave than history, as a sort of prince bishops, vassals and mere creatures of Rome. To the west of Pessinus, the city Morena in Mysia, and, to the east of it, Morimena, Zela, and Comana, in the great central province of Cappadocia, exhibited institutions exactly similar to each other, and all nearly resembling those of the Phrygian capital. In the Augustan age, all those cities still continued to be governed by sacerdotal families, to which they had been subject from immemorial antiquity. They all stood on the great caravan road through Lesser Asia; and in all of them the terms marked by festivals and processions, were also distinguished by great fairs, not only frequented by neighbouring nations, but also numerous attended by traders from Upper Asia, and even by distant Nomades. Conformably with these circumstances in their favour, the routes of commerce traced a clear and distinct line of civilisation and wealth, thus visibly contrasted with the rudeness and poverty of many remote parts of the peninsula; with the savageness of the Isaurians and Pisidians; with the half barbarous Bithynians and Paphlagonians; in a word, with all those divisions of the country which lay beyond the genial influence of commerce introduced and upheld by superstition, and superstition enriched, embellished, and confirmed by the traffick which it protected and extended. p. 86.

The struggle for power among the generals of Alexander, which lasted from his death to the battle of Ipsus, 22 years afterwards, occupies the seven next chapters. During this period, events crowd upon the mind in the most rapid succession; interesting alike from the talents of the ambitious chiefs concerned in them, and from the novel combinations of political affairs which were perpetually taking place. The cruel Perdiccas, the selfish Ptolemy, the brave and generous Eumenes, the rapacious and unprincipled Antigonus, pass in review, like phantoms over the stage; and, in the conflict of their energetick ambition, we scarcely heed the sceptre of Alexander sliding from the feeble hands of his son and brother, and the sanguinary extinction of his family. The confederacy of four princes against the overgrown power of Antigonus, produced a more permanent settlement of the empire; and whatever may have been the case among the petty republics of Greece, this seems to have been the first instance of a coalition to restore the balance of power by distant and powerful so-

vercigns. The scheme of confederacy was planned with peculiar secrecy, and conducted with steadiness. Syria and the Lesser Asia at that time were governed by Antigonus ; and his son Demetrius occupied most of the cities of Greece. The four confederates hung upon the frontiers of his monarchy. Elated with prosperity, the wily old man was for once taken by surprise. Lysimachus from Thrace, with the Macedonian auxiliaries of Cassander, burst into Phrygia ; while Seleucus hastened to join him from beyond the Euphrates ; and Ptolemy, though with more cautious marches, advanced from Egypt into Palestine. By the united armies of the two former, he was defeated and slain at Ipsus in Phrygia ; and from the partition of his dominions were formed four kingdoms, which shortly were reduced to the three celebrated ones of Macedon, Syria, and Egypt. We give Dr. Gillies credit, upon examination, for sufficient fidelity to the materials from whence he has extracted his narrative ; a notice which may seem the more necessary, as, in his translation of Aristotle's *Ethicks* and *Politicks*, he had indulged a most reprehensible license of loose paraphrase, or rather of interpolation.

Coincident with these events in point of time, though bearing no manner of relation to them, are the wars of Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, with the Carthaginians in Sicily : a country which, though at that time in its decline, possesses so many claims to our curiosity, that it might have been worth while for Dr. Gillies to have collected more of the scattered materials which remain, with respect to the splendour of its better days. From Sicily he speedily returns to Asia, and brings before our eyes the partial dismemberment of the great empire of Seleucus, by the rise of independent sovereignties in Bactria, Parthia, and Asia Minor ; the desolating irruption of the Gauls into the fairest provinces of Greece and Asia, and the security, renown, and lettered opulence of Egypt under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. But we enter our protest against the concluding chapter of the first volume, in which the author descants upon the early history of Rome ; a subject especially in his matter-of-fact mode of treating it, too trite to justify so superfluous an episode. As we come lower down in the history, Rome begins more to appear upon the stage ; and the greater part of the second volume is employed upon transactions, which are familiar to those conversant in the history of that republic. It is painful to follow the uninterrupted successes of unjust aggression ; and these are not the times, in which the history of the steps by which the world was formerly absorbed into one empire, can be read, either with less interest or greater satisfaction than heretofore. In some instances, traces of resemblance between ancient and modern times, force themselves upon our attention. Who, indeed, that remembers the proclamations and conduct of the French in Italy about the year 1797, but must be struck with the resemblance they bear to the declarations of the liberty of Greece issued by Flaminius after the battle of Cynocéphale. The same insincere professions of regard to their national freedom, were met with the same exultation at their release from a former yoke, and the same enthusiastick confidence in the delusive image of permanent independence. The parallel may seem more perfect, if we add to it their speedy spoliation, by the hands of their generous benefactors, of those works of art, which were not only the publick pride, but, in many of the smaller cities, the chief means of enriching the community.

A more pleasing scene is displayed in the rise of the Achean league, the second, but very inferiour spring, of republican freedom in Greece. It was most wisely planned for a country much decayed in power, and unable to assume that haughty tone of independence, which Pericles or

Agesilaus would rather have perished than have relaxed. It was the humbler object of Aratus to render the kings of Macedon allies and protectors, though not masters of Greece; and, by deferring much to their influence, to preserve what was most essential, the free regulation of their internal concerns, and a security from foreign garrisons in their cities. This object would have been more completely attained, if the other cities of Greece had been less jealous of the league; and its failure was perhaps chiefly owing to Cleomenes, king of Sparta, whose merits have been a good deal exaggerated by Plutarch. The following account is given by Dr. Gillies, from Polybius, of the battle of Sellasia, fought about a century after the death of Alexander, between that prince and the united forces of Macedon and the Achean confederacy.

Before coming to Sellasia, Antigonus had to pass a valley, the entrance to which was overhung by two hills, Eva and Olympus, forming respectively its eastern and western defences. Between these hills the river Oenus flowed to join the Eurotas, and along the bank of the Oenus, and afterwards of the united stream, the road led almost in a direct line to the Lacedemonian capital. When Antigonus approached the valley of Sellasia, he found that the enemy had seized both hills, and also had thrown up intrenchments before them. Cleomenes, with the Spartans, had chosen Olympus for his post; his brother, Eucleidas, with the armed peasants, occupied Eva: the intermediate valley, on both sides the road, was defended by the cavalry and mercenaries. Instead of rashly engaging an enemy so strongly posted, Antigonus encamped at a moderate distance, having the river Gorgylus in front, and watchful of every opportunity to ascertain the distinctive qualities of the enemy's force, as well as the nature of the ground in which its several divisions were posted. He frequently alarmed them by shows of attack, but found them on all sides secure. At length, both kings, impatient of delay, and alike emulous of glory, embraced the resolution of coming to a general engagement.

Antigonus had sent his Illyrians across the river Gorgylus in the night. They were to begin the assault of Mount Eva, accompanied by 3000 Macedonian targeteers, troops less heavily armed than the phalanx, and equipped in all points like the *Argyraspides*, who make so conspicuous a figure in former parts of this work, only that their targets were plated, not with silver, but with brass. The *Acarnanians* and *Cretans* composed the second line. Two thousand *Acheans*, all chosen men, followed as a body of reserve. Antigonus's cavalry, commanded by Alexander, the son of Admetus, was ranged along the banks of the Oenus. It was not to advance against the enemy's horse, until a purple signal had been raised on the side of Olympus by the king, who, at the head of the Macedonian phalanx, purposed to combat Cleomenes and his Spartans. A white ensign of linen first floated in the air. The Illyrians, for this was their summons to action, boldly marched up Mount Eva, and were followed by the divisions appointed to sustain them. Upon this movement, the *Acheans*, forming the rear, were unexpectedly assailed by a body of light infantry, who sprang from amidst the ranks of the enemy's horse. The confusion occasioned by an onset, equally sudden and daring, threatened to give an easy victory to Eucleidas and his Lacedemonians, who, from the heights of Eva, might descend with great advantage against the disordered troops that had come to dislodge them. The danger was perceived by Philopemen. He communicated his apprehensions to Alexander, who commanded the Macedonian cavalry. But, as the purple ensign was not yet hoisted, Alexander disregarded the advice of an inexperienced youth.

The character of that youth, however, was better known to his fellow citizens of Megalopolis. They obeyed an authority derived from patriotism and merit, and seconded his ardour to seize the moment of assault. The shouts and shock of the engaging horsemen recalled the light troops who harassed the Macedonians in their ascent to Eva; by which means, the latter, having recovered their order of battle, routed and slew Eucleidas. Philopemen's exertions in the action seemed worthy of his generalship, in an age when example in battle was held essential to the enforcement of precept. After his horse fell under him, he still fought on foot, though pierced with a spear through both thighs, and was not born from the field till the victory was decided. Shortly after that event, Antigonus asked Alexander, who commanded his cavalry, "Why he had charged before orders." Alexander said,

"The fault was not his; for a young man of Megalopolis had, in defiance of authority, rushed forwards with his countrymen, and thus precipitated the engagement." Antigonus replied: "You acted the part of a young man; that youth of Megalopolis showed himself a great general."

Cleomenes, meanwhile, perceiving the total rout of his right wing under Eucleidas, and seeing that his cavalry also was on the point of giving way, became fearful of being surrounded. For retrieving the honour of the day, he determined to quit his intrenchments; and, at the head of his Spartan spearmen, to attack Antigonus and the phalanx. The king of Macedon gladly embraced an opportunity of bringing the contest to this issue. The trumpets on both sides recalled their light skirmishers, who obstructed the space between the hostile lines. In the first shock, the weight of the Macedonians was overcome by the impetuous valour of the Spartans; but Antigonus, who had drawn up his men in what was called the double phalanx, had no sooner strengthened his foremost line, by the cooperation of his reserve, than his thickened ranks, bristling with protended spears, bore down all resistance. The Spartans were put to the rout, and pursued with that merciless destruction which generally followed such close and fierce engagements. Cleomenes escaped with a few horsemen to Sparta.

In estimating the merit of Dr. Gillies's work, although we should be inclined to place it a good deal above Rollin, or the Universal History, we cannot express ourselves satisfied with its execution. Without waiting to extract the spirit of history, without developing national character, or political institutions, he goes on, in general, straight forward, through a mere narration of facts; and even in this narration, we desiderate that sagacious and sceptical criticism, by which, in a period remarkably destitute of regular ancient history, the steps of the modern compiler ought to be guided. We shall produce two instances of the latter fault. He gives the following account of the death of Antiochus the Great.

In the elevated region of Elymais, the southern appendage to Mount Zayros, there was a staple, or depository of this kind, at the meeting of the caravan roads connecting Media with Persia and Susiana. This temple, which had been adorned by the great Alexander, Antiochus determined to plunder. His assault was made in the night. The guards of the sacred enclosure defended their idols and treasures. They were assisted by hardy mountaineers, ever ready and armed, in its neighbourhood. A blind, tumultuary engagement ensued, in which the king fell, fighting at once against the religion, the commerce, and the arts of his country. Vol. II. p. 345.

At some distance, we find the death of Antiochus Epiphanes related in the following manner.

During the war in Palestine, so disastrous to the Syrians, Antiochus had prosecuted an expedition, not less disastrous, into Upper Asia. In the march thither, his proceedings are very imperfectly explained; but in the return, part of the army being left to collect tribute, Antiochus, with a powerful escort, advanced to plunder a temple and rich staple of trade in Elymais, the southern appendage to Mount Zayros, and the main caravan communication between Susiana and Media. In this impious attempt to rifle treasures under the protection of Venus or Diana, whose altars had been honoured and enriched by the great Alexander, he was defeated, with peculiar circumstances of disgrace, by the inhabitants of the surrounding district, and reduced to the necessity of making a speedy retreat to Ecbatana, the capital of Media. There he first learned the repeated discomfitures and routs of his armies; tidings which exasperated to fury the wounds which his pride had received, in the late repulse from Elymais. In the fire of his rage, he swore that he would render Palestine the sepulchre of the Jews; and, precipitating his march westward for that purpose, was overthrown in his chariot, and died of his wounds, at the obscure village Tabæ, situate somewhere on the mountainous confines of Assyria. p. 472.

Let us now see how he disposes of another Antiochus, surnamed Sidedes.

The obscure goddess Iranea, should seem to have held her seat among the defiles of Mount Zayros. Antiochus, on pretence that he came to betroth her, entered the temple, slightly accompanied, to receive her accumulated opulence by way of dower. But the priests of Iranea, having shut the outward gates of the sacred en-

closure, opened the concealed doors on the roof of the temple, and overwhelmed the king and his attendants, as with thunderbolts from on high; then casting their mutilated remains without the walls, thus awfully announced to the Syrians, who waited his return, the disaster of their king, and the terrific majesty of the goddess. p. 552.

That three kings of Syria, of the same name, should perish in similar attempts to plunder the same temple, or at least one in nearly the same place, is, one would think, too strange a coincidence to pass without suspicion. Dr. Gillies has, however, it seems, no leisure to marvel, and never hints at the possibility, that, in the confused and irregular notices which are come down to us of this part of history, the names of these princes may have been mistaken. We are much disposed to consider the second story, the death of Antiochus Epiphanes, as the foundation of one or both of the other two; since that is unquestionably true, being attested by Polybius, a contemporary, as well as by Josephus and Appian. We have little doubt that the third is wholly false, as it stands solely upon the authority of the second book of Maccabees, a work of small credit; while several historians give quite a different account of the death of Antiochus Sidetes. The only difficulty is, as to the circumstances related of Antiochus the Great: since we find this account of his death confirmed, independently of Justin, whom singly we should not much value, by Strabo and Diodorus; although the circumstances related by the latter bear a much nearer resemblance to what Polybius tells us of the death of Antiochus Epiphanes.

An inattention, almost precisely similar, seems to us to have taken place in the two following passages. A war is waged by Seleucus Callinicus against the Parthians, in which, Dr. Gillies tells us:

The royal invader fell into the hands of the enemy, after being defeated in a great battle, decisive of the independence and future dominion of the Parthians. His life was spared by Tiridates, who had assumed the place and name of his elder brother Arsaces, the author of the Parthian revolt. Seleucus was retained ten years in the roughest province, and among the fiercest people of Upper Asia; but, during all that time, treated by his conqueror with the respect due to his rank and misfortunes. Vol. II. p. 9.

More than a century afterwards, we are told of another Syrian monarch, a certain Demetrius Nicator; "that he was taken prisoner by the Parthians, and retained by them ten years in a loose and honourable captivity." p. 546.

The coincidence here, likewise, is suspicious, though less for the fact itself, than for the precise agreement in the number of years; which, we apprehend, Dr. Gillies has transposed from the second story to the first, through mere inattention. Atheneus, the authority whom he quotes for the captivity of Seleucus, says only, that he remained *πολυν χρόνον*, a great length of time, in Parthia. But as Atheneus, who is no historian, mentions the subject only incidentally, while Justin gives an incompatible account, we are inclined to believe that the former writer has, through negligence, put one name in place of another.

In the following note an eminent writer is unjustly censured.

"Warburton's great merit, in the explanation of the origin and nature of hieroglyphicks, is generally and justly admired; yet he has not exhausted the subject, and I cannot reconcile all of his conclusions with the only existing authorities concerning it; viz. Herodotus, l. 5. c. 36.—Diodorus, l. 3. c. 4.—Porphyr. in Vit. Pythag.—Clemens Alexand. 5.—Strom. p. 555. and a fragment of Manetho in Eusebius's Chronicle, p. 6. In this fragment Warburton, instead of *ἱερογλυφικοῖς γραμμασιν*, substitutes *ἱερογραφοῖς γραμμασιν*. His reason for this correction is, that *ἱερογλυφικοῖς* being always used by the ancients to denote characters of things, in opposition to alphabetick letters, or characters of words, ought not to be joined with *γραμμασιν*, which denotes characters of words only. Because

“ *ιερογλυφικα* always denotes characters of things, Warburton concluded “ that *γραμματα* always denoted characters of words. The conclusion is “ illogical, and contradictory to one of the passages on which our whole “ knowledge of the subject rests. *Πηρι δε των Αιθιοπικων γραμματων των παρ’* “ *Αιγυπτίοις ιερογλυφικων καλεμενων.* Diodorus, l. 3. c. 4. Conf. Divine Lega- “ tion, b. 4. s. 4. Vol. I. p. 48.

Warburton is here misrepresented. Manetho, in the fragment quoted, speaks of pillars incised by Thoth, the first Hermes, with hieroglyphick characters in the sacred dialect; and translated after the flood out of the sacred dialect into Greek with hieroglyphick characters, and deposited in the adyta of the Egyptian temples. Now, as hieroglyphicks, as Warburton seems to have proved, stood for things and not for words, it is obviously absurd to say, that an inscription in those characters was either in Greek or in any other language. It is upon this account that he changes the text from *ιερογλυφικοις* to *ιερογραφοις*; and it must be confessed, that, if the text cannot be supported, the alteration is not violent. We are inclined, however, to think, that the original word is right; and we hope for indulgence from the reader, if we allow this to lead us into a short digression, which may possibly throw some light upon a very interesting subject.

The origin of alphabetical writing has never been traced; but that of the Egyptians has been convincingly proved, by the Comte de Caylus, to be formed of hieroglyphical marks, adopted with no great variation. We find no appearance, says Warburton, of alphabetick characters on their publick monuments.

This, however true at the time he wrote, cannot now be asserted; since the celebrated Rosetta stone, in the British Museum, is engraved with three distinct sets of characters, Greek, Egyptian, and a third resembling what are called hieroglyphicks. The only doubt that can be entertained is, whether these are strictly hieroglyphicks; that is, representations of things; or, rather, an alphabetical character peculiar to the priesthood, and called hierogrammaticks. 1. The existence of this sacred alphabet is attested by Herodotus, Diodorus, and several other writers. 2. It went occasionally under the name of hieroglyphick, as appears not only by the passage quoted above from Manetho, if we do not alter the text, but from one in Porphyry, which may be found in Warburton. 3. It was, however, considered as perfectly distinct from the genuine hieroglyphick, which was always understood to denote things, either by mere picture writing, or, more commonly, by very refined allegory. 4. Works of a popular and civil nature were written in this character, as we learn from Clement of Alexandria; whereas the genuine hieroglyphick was exceedingly secret and mysterious, and the knowledge of it confined to the priesthood. 5. The inscription upon the Rosetta stone is said, in the terms of the decree contained in it, to be written in sacred, national, and Greek characters. *Τοις τε ζεοις, και εγχωριοις, και Ελληνικοις γραμματιν.* 6. It could not be a mysterious character, such as the genuine hieroglyphick seems to have been, because it was exposed to publick view with a double translation. 7. It occupies a considerable space upon the stone, although an indefinite part of it is broken off; although the real hieroglyphick, as is natural to emblematick writing, appears to have been exceedingly compendious. 8. The characters do not appear to be very numerous, as they recur in various combinations of three, four, or more, as might be expected from the letters of an alphabet. But this argument we do not strongly press, because our examination has not been very long. It appears to hold out a decisive test; and we offer it, as such, to the ingenuity of antiquaries.

Upon these grounds, we think, that the characters upon the Rosetta stone, which are commonly denominated hieroglyphicks, are, in fact, the original, alphabetick characters of the Egyptians; from which the others have probably been derived, by a gradual corruption through haste in writing. They are, however, in one sense, hieroglyphicks, being tolerably accurate delineations of men, animals, and instruments. If we are right in our conjectures, the value of the Rosetta stone is incomparably greater than has been imagined. We have no need of hieroglyphicks. Roman and Egyptian monuments are full of them. But a primitive alphabet, probably the earliest ever formed in the world, and illustrating an important link in the history of writing, the adaptation of signs to words, is certainly a discovery very interesting to any philosophical mind. Through what steps the analysis of articulate sound, into its constituent parts, was completed, if we can say that it ever has been completed, so as to establish distinct marks for each of them; and whether these marks were taken at random, or from some supposed analogy between the simple sounds they were brought to represent. and their primary, hieroglyphical meaning, are questions which still stand in need of solution. We offer these remarks with equal diffidence as to their truth and their originality. If to any of our learned readers they should not appear new, we entreat their candour for troubling them with opinions, which, so far as our limited information extends, have not hitherto been made publick.

In recompense to Dr. Gillies, we will quote a passage in which he has cleared up a difficulty which perplexed two eminent writers.

“The vastness of the palace, or rather the palaces of Alexandria, need not surprise us, if we admit that the imperial palace at Rome was larger than all the rest of that capital. Hume, in his Essay on the Populousness of ancient Nations, p. 473, is justly incredulous with regard to this point; and Gibbon endeavours to remove the difficulty by saying, that the emperours had confiscated the houses and gardens of opulent senators, —therefore, included under the name of the imperial palace.—*Decline and Fall*, c. 6. p. 161. But upon turning to the passage in Herodian, l. 4. c. 1. on which this incredible account of the magnitude of the imperial palace wholly rests, the words convey to me a different meaning from that in which they are taken by all Latin translators, not excepting the learned Politian. The historian relates, that the sons of Severus, upon their father’s death at York, hastened by the shortest road to Rome, never eating at the same table, nor sleeping in the same house. The rapidity of their journey was urged by their desire of taking up separate quarters in the amplitude of the royal palace, greater than any city, *παισὲς πόλεως μείζονι*. Herodian institutes, not a comparison between the magnitude of Rome and that of its imperial palace; he only intimates, generally and indefinitely, the magnitude of the palace, in distinct wings of which, Caracalla and Geta thought they would be safer from each other’s machinations than in the cities of Gaul and Italy, through which they had to pass.”

We thoroughly concur in this opinion. Indeed, it might be stated with more absolute confidence than it is by Dr. Gillies. It excites a suspicion that both Mr. Hume and Mr. Gibbon must have looked at the *wrong column* in the page of their Herodian. That historian seems to have spoken rhetorically, and called the royal palace at Rome greater than *any* city, merely as a hyperbolical expression to denote its prodigious extent.

Our opinion of Dr. Gillies’s work may be justly collected from what we have said already. It does not appear to present such a luminous,

and masterly view of the very interesting period which it embraces, as would have been given by Mr. Gibbon or Dr. Robertson; but it exhibits proofs of learned research, and may, upon the whole, we think, be read with pleasure and advantage. It deserves no praise on the score of style, which is commonly diffuse and overcharged; and often vulgar and slovenly. We cannot dismiss this subject, without remarking, that there are some interesting questions with regard to the Grecian monarchies after Alexander, which are scarce at all touched by Dr. Gillies. Such are the state of their armies, and the sort of troops of which they were composed,—their laws and government,—the tone of the national character and manners,—the state of the natives under their subjection,—and the symptoms of internal strength or weakness in their situation. We cannot justly be expected to make up this deficiency; but perhaps the reader will excuse us for putting together a few facts upon some of these points, which will not be found collectively in the work under our review.

I. The small Macedonian army of Alexander received frequent recruits from the same country during the course of his conquests; which, however, unless more numerous than ancient writers report them, could have little more than repaired the losses of war and fatigue during eleven years, and filled the place of those veterans whom, from time to time, he dismissed to their native country. The collective armies, however, of his generals, while they were disputing the spoil, almost immediately after his death, seem to have been very numerous. Antigonus brought 80,000 men into the battle of Ipsus. The opposite army was little inferior; and the troops of Ptolemy were not engaged in this action. This too, was after twenty years of constant warfare, and many well contested and sanguinary battles. Macedon was, indeed, the mint of soldiers; but Macedon was a country of no vast extent, and, after it became divided from the rest of the empire, could not, it should seem, have furnished troops to foreign and often hostile sovereigns. The solution of this problem may be found by comparing scattered passages of antiquity. The great strength of all these armies was the Macedonian phalanx; one of those grand military innovations which have rewarded the genius of their inventors with supreme power and renown. For two centuries the phalanx was supposed to be irresistible. When complete, it consisted of 1024 files, 16 deep. Their charge in close order, presenting their Macedonian spears, which were of such a length, that those of the fifth rank projected beyond the front, was not to be withstood by the shorter weapons and less compact arrangement of the Greeks; much less by the rude and irregular multitudes of the Asiatics. This phalanx, so early as the time of Alexander, was filled up with Persians. We are told by Arrian, that he formed the three first ranks of Macedonians, the twelve next of Persians, and placed another Macedonian in the last. By this judicious intermixture, the want of skill, and perhaps of bravery, in the Persians, was compensated. They acquired, with the arms and discipline, the spirit and self estimation of their conquerors; and we are almost inclined to suspect, that they were gradually confounded under the same name. Long at least after this age, and when few native Macedonians can be well supposed to have served in the troops of Egypt, in the sedition which followed the death of Ptolemy Philopater, the soldiery is addressed by Agathocles with that honourable appellation. Next in dignity to the Macedonians, or those at least who bore their name in the phalanx, were the mercenary troops who were raised, in great numbers, for the service of the two eastern kings, from the Grecian cities of Europe and Asia. These seem not to have adopted the Macedonian

tactics, but were ranged commonly on each side of the phalanx, and formed a very respectable part of the army. The great victory obtained by Ptolemy Philopater at Raphia, is ascribed, by Polybius, to the freshness of his Grecian mercenaries, which had lately been levied for his service; whereas, those of Antiochus were exhausted by the fatigue of long campaigns in the Upper Asia. A passage in Plautus throws light upon the recruiting or crimping system of that time. In the comedy of the *Miles Gloriosus*, Pyrgopolinices tells us that he was employed upon such a commission:—

“ Nam rex Seleucus me opere oravit maximo,  
Ut sibi latrones [*i. e.* mercenarios] cogerem et conscriberem.”

*Act 1. Sc. 1.*

In the plays, indeed, of that writer, and of Terence, the mirrors of the later Greek comedy, we find the stage character of the partisan, who has served in the wars of Asia, as much established as those of the slave and the parasite. It occurs three or four times in Plautus, and once in the well known Thraso of Terence: and although the sameness which pervades them may lead us to think that these authors rather copied each other than real life, there must have been a prototype in the received notion of the character, which the publick were able to recognise. In every instance, they are represented as having acquired inordinate riches, and as spending it a good deal in the same manner as an English sailor is supposed to get rid of his prize money. But the parallel will hold no further. The most ridiculous vanity, stupidity, and cowardice, are the constant attributes of the soldier in those comedies. A nation, one would think, must be sunk very low, in which the military character was never exhibited but as odious and contemptible. But, to judge from history, the picture must be somewhat overcharged. The Greeks of that age, though unable to cope with Rome or Macedon, displayed, occasionally, both skill and prowess. Perhaps it was unpopular thus to waste the blood of Greece in wars in which it had no concern; and publick indignation refused to the mercenaries of the Seleucidæ that admiration and sympathy which are the usual reward of a military life. The third class of troops, in the armies of these princes, were their native subjects. Though the inhabitants of the finest climates of Asia were generally unwarlike, other parts, especially the mountainous districts, contained a hardy race of men. The skill which barbarians frequently acquire in missile weapons, is formidable to any army not possessed of artillery, and consequently obliged to fight near at hand. Media, the finest province of Asia, produced an incomparable breed of horses; and the kings of Syria, at one time, were able to reenforce their armies from the savage hardihood of the Isurian mountaineers, the obstinate bravery of the Jews, and the dexterity of the Parthian cavalry. The kingdom of Egypt seems to supply less military resources from itself. Yet, if 200,000 infantry and 40,000 horse obeyed the mandate of Philadelphus, so prodigious an army could hardly have been collected without great draughts upon the native population.

II. It would be a more difficult task to attempt the satisfactory delineation of the internal state of society. If we were to judge from the personal character of the sovereigns, upon which, in a mere despotism, so much seems to depend, the condition of the eastern Greeks would generally appear deplorable. After the first or second generation, the successors of Seleucus and Ptolemy degenerated into effeminate luxury or portentous guilt; and the annals of Constantinople itself hardly contain a greater series of crimes, than sullied the royal families of Antioch and Alexandria.

But this was compensated to their subjects by the peculiar advantages of their situation. They enjoyed the inexhaustible fertility of Syria, Babylonia, and Egypt. The ports of the Mediterranean were crowded with vessels, secure from maritime hostility; and the creation of almost numberless cities, bearing the names of Seleucus and his family, is the noblest evidence of the riches and magnificence of that dynasty. Atheneus speaks of the Syrians, as a people who, from the fertility of their country, had little need to labour, and consumed their leisure in banqueting and diversions. Antioch, the capital, was most distinguished for this character. The beautiful grove of Daphne, situated about five miles from that city, was the scene where its luxurious inhabitants abused the prodigality of nature in every enjoyment of voluptuous ease. It was the more honourable characteristic of Alexandria, to be the seat of literature; and the praise of her sovereigns to have bestowed patronage upon men who, however inferior to those nursed in the bosom of Grecian liberty, surpassed them in erudition, and have formed a sort of epoch in the history of letters. Less regard seems to have been paid to science by the Selucidæ; but they cultivated the favourite and almost peculiar art of the Greeks, that of stamping metals with consummate beauty and ingenuity; and by their coins and medals, the imperfect remains of their history have often been illustrated. The condition of the native Orientals is not easily to be distinguished. The remote and barbarous provinces, wherein but few Greeks were settled, probably felt little more than a nominal subjection, and retained such laws and customs as they might have of their own. Even in the city of Seleucia, Polybius seems to speak of magistrates or judges belonging to the native inhabitants. Their condition, however, where the Greeks were numerous, as in Syria or Cilicia, was probably little better than servile; at least those countries seem to have supplied slaves to the markets of Greece and Italy.

III. If we were to appreciate political vigour, merely by extent of dominion, the kingdom of Syria would appear incomparably the most powerful of those that were shared amongst the conquerors of Ispus. But it was weakened by its own size, and by the difficulty of retaining in subjection nations distinct in their race, manners, and language. The distant provinces were necessarily intrusted to the care of viceroys, who sometimes became too powerful to continue subjects. Two successive revolts of Molo in the Upper, and of Acheus in the Lesser Asia, threatened the throne of Antiochus the Great; and although his victories for a time reestablished the Syrian power throughout Asia, yet, after his death, or rather, after the inglorious events of the latter part of his reign, it soon fell to pieces, and, in less than half a century, was reduced to insignificance. Even in its best days, we must not conceive, that the successors of Seleucus possessed that firm and well compacted sovereignty over all parts of their dominions, which notions, borrowed from modern Europe, would lead us to expect. They received assistance in war, and tribute in peace, from many barbarous nations, who maintained, in their own precincts, a virtual independence. The writ of the king of Syria, we suspect, did not run into the mountains of the Mardi or the Carduchi. But decisive proofs of their weakness appear in the countries which were successively dismembered from their dominions. In Asia Minor, the northern parts were occupied by the three petty kingdoms of Pergamos, Bithnia, and Paphlagonia, and the more powerful one of Bontus; a horde of Gauls and the kings of Cappadocia shared part of the midland district; and latterly, a nest of pirates fastened upon the southern coast of Pamphilia and Ci-

licia. In the east, their possessions were equally dilapidated. Immediately after the death of Alexander, an Indian chief, by name Sandrocottus, drove the Macedonians from the Panjab; and Seleucus prudently sold his claim to those distant conquests for 500 elephants. So little is heard afterwards of the provinces lying on the hither side of the Indus, about Candahar, that we may suspect them to have followed the example. Theodotus, a Greek, soon afterwards revolted in Bactria, and established a dynasty which lasted for near a century and a half, till it was swept away by an invasion of Tartars; which is attested at once by the historians of Greece and of China. This little kingdom, stationed, as it were, upon the out posts of civilized life, has excited some interest in modern times; and Mr. Gibbon has thought fit to give them credit for being the instructors of the Tartars, and even the Hindoos, in science. It was not, however, as has sometimes been imagined, insulated, till within a few years of its downfall; the kings of Syria retaining the adjacent province of Ariana, part of the present Khorasan and Sigistan. A far more important people occupied the western parts of Khorasan, the Parthians, who are thought, with much probability, to have been a Scythian clan, which at an early period had fixed itself in that region. Antiochus the Great kept them within bounds; but after his death they encroached upon Media, and finally usurped all the provinces to the east of the Euphrates.

The kingdom of Egypt, though necessarily more circumscribed than that of Syria, was less liable to dismemberment. Its limits were, however, various. Cyrene was its permanent appendage. It contained also, generally, Cyprus, and sometimes Celo Syria, which was its debatable frontier on the side of Asia. Two only of its monarchs seem to have achieved more extensive conquests. In the golden age of Ptolemy Philadelphus, Crete, Caria, and Lycia, were subject to Egypt. At a later period, Ptolemy Euergetes gained more unprofitable trophies, from an expedition into Nubia, the memory of which is preserved by an inscription discovered in that country about the sixth century. But when the Romans came to meddle with the affairs of the east, the kings of Egypt felt their inadequacy to contend; obeyed the mandates of the republic with humiliating obsequiousness; and were rewarded by that great Polypheme, with the privilege of being devoured the last.

In extent and opulence, the kingdom of Macedon was the least considerable of the three. In rating its effective power, we should perhaps make a different estimate. Though not very commercial, it contained mines of the precious, as well as the ruder metals. Its natives formed excellent soldiers, brave, faithful, steady, and patient. It was embraced, except on the side of the sea, by a strong, mountainous barrier; beyond which, to the north and east, dwelt fierce and warlike barbarians, which, though not always in very thorough submission, were commonly its auxiliaries in the field. By the resistance which it made to the Roman arms, we may judge of the intrinsic strength of Macedon. The contest was quite unequal. Rome had ceased to fight up hill, and had come to wield forces of every kind, far superiour to those of any competitor. Yet even under these disadvantages, the unpopular and spiritless Perseus was able to foil three successive Roman consuls in the defence of his country. The harsh measures to which the Romans resorted, prove the sense they entertained of the compatriots of Alexander. Macedon was divided into four districts, perfectly distinct in police, and government; and, to render the separation more perfect, intermarriages among their exclusive inhabi-

tants were prohibited. There is one peculiarity which applies equally to the Macedonians and Greeks of Syria and Egypt. Though each of their royal families was placed upon the throne by no right but conquest; though they had supplanted and extinguished the ancient stock; though their own elevation was recent in the memory of man; their subjects appear to have felt for them, all that blindness of loyalty, which is commonly supposed to follow only long established and illustrious dynasties. No impostor, who made pretensions to royal descent, failed of temporary success; even though he claimed to draw his breath from the contemptible Perseus, or the frantick Antiochus Epiphanes. So irregular is the attachment of nations to their rulers, and so fallacious the reasoning of those who suppose that such sentiments cannot be felt for those whose possession is but of yesterday, and whose title is the sword.

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FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Whistle for it. A Comick Opera, in two Acts. By the Hon. G. Lamb. 8vo.

WE have not had an opportunity of witnessing the exhibition of this little piece; but conclude that it must have excited considerable interest in the representation, containing so much that is popular, both in incident and scenery; viz. the unexpected meeting of two *captive lovers* of rank and importance, in the *subterraneous cave* of a troop of *banditti*; a grand struggle between *love* and *honour*; and a most sudden and *critical rescue* at the very moment the *dagger* and *gallows* are about to do their gloomy business.

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FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Queen Hoo Hall, a Romance; and Ancient Times, a Drama. By the late Joseph Strutt, author of *Rural Sports*, and *Pastimes of the People of England*, &c. 12mo. 4 vols.

ACCUSTOMED to consider Mr. Strutt, and indeed to esteem him as one of the most diligent and most expert of our English antiquarians, we little expected to receive from his pen a work of fancy, and that too, of a superiour kind. We have been exceedingly entertained with this performance, which has many characteristick marks of a lively and well regulated imagination. Perhaps the low comick scenes, representing the manners of the domesticks in great families in ancient times, is extended too far; but the superiours themselves are entitled to our warmest praise. Some pleasing poetry is also interspersed, which we have read with great gratification and interest. Altogether it deserves a distinguished place among works of the kind. It will not easily be perused by those who are unacquainted with the phraseology of the times; but a glossary is added, which will remove every difficulty.

The drama of *Ancient Times* is also of considerable merit; but it might as well have been separately printed, which we recommend to be done in a second edition; and that this will soon be required, we have no hesitation in foretelling.

## SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

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Biographical Anecdotes relating to the late Lieutenant Colonel John Mordaunt, of the Honourable East India Company's Madras Establishment.

THIS very singular and well known personage has been so much admired, so much reprobated, so much upheld, and so much decried, that some account of him may probably be acceptable to the publick.

He was a natural son of the late earl of Peterborough; and, together with an elder brother, by the same mother, was, at an early age, put out to nurse. Harry, the eldest, was a pining, spiritless starvling; while John, the subject of this memoir, was active, lively, and of an uncommonly fine form. He was more of the Apollo Belvidere, though more rigid in muscle, than any other person I ever saw.

Harry took a sedentary turn, and being tender in constitution, could not partake of those gymnastick exercises which John delighted in, and in which he, on all occasions, took the lead. In fact, Harry was more calculated for scholastick researches, in which he made the ordinary progress of a schoolboy; and would, probably, have shone under *Alma Mater*, had not his father, with the view of providing for him handsomely, and at a distance from the family in general, shipped him off as a cadet to Bengal.

John was too wild to learn much. His whole time was devoted to truancy; and, as he often said, "one half of his days were spent in being flogged for the other half." Hence he was in no danger of a professorship, if we except those arts in which the celebrated Breslaw, Jones, &c. took their degrees. In such, John was completely at home, and they were certainly of some use to him, as will be hereafter seen.

When John was taken from school, he was about as learned as when he first was sent there. However, when this was ascertained, and a quarrel was commenced on the occasion, he very handsomely stepped forth to exculpate his master, whose attention he declared to be unparalleled; and, slipping off his clothes, exhibited the earnestness of the good man's endeavours; humorously observing, that "as nothing could be got into his brain, his master had done his best to impress his instructions on the opposite seat of learning."

At the time that John was to pass muster before the India directors, he was out of the way, and it was nearly too late when he was found at marbles in Dean's yard. No time was lost in coaching him up to Leadenhall-street, where, being bent more on his pastime than on the grave questions put by his examiners, he was near being rejected as an idiot; when one of the quorum, who knew the youth's trim well, and who probably wished to see John appointed, asked him if he understood cribbage? John's soul was instantly roused; his eyes glistened; and, regardless of every matter relative to his appointment, he pulled out a pack of cards, so greasy as scarcely to be distinguished, and offered "to play the gentleman for any sum he chose."

The youth now felt himself at home, and speedily convinced them that, however ignorant he might be of the classicks, he was a match for any of them at cards. He was passed, and despatched to Portsmouth, where he was to embark in an India ship ready to sail with the first fair wind; but as that was not to be had for some days, the person who had charge of him, put him on board, and returned to town.

John's gayety of disposition soon made him the fiddle of the crew. All on board loved him. He was elegant in his make; graceful in his movements (though he never could be made to walk a minuet by his dancing master) of a very animated countenance, strongly marked with good nature, spirit, and dignity; his features were regular and handsome; his eyes keen and commanding; and, on the whole, we may say he was such as is rarely seen.

Notwithstanding the rigid restrictions laid down by the person who had shipped him, such were the qualities of our young adventurer, that none could resist his wishes. The kindness he experienced, added to the novelty of the scene, made him completely happy, and attached him more to his new companions, than to his native soil. He could not bear to mope about the ship, whilst waiting for a wind, and frequently lent a pull in the boats, which occasionally were sent for provisions, &c.

One day, however, John strayed into the town, and got into company with some girls, who soon eased him, not only of his money, but of his buckles, handkerchief, and every thing that could possibly be dispensed with. At this unlucky moment, the wind being fair, the signal was made for sailing, and the boat's crew were compelled, after a short, but active search, to put off, with heavy hearts, thinking they had seen the last of their favourite.

John came down to the beach too late. The boat was just arriving at the ship, which was lying to for her, and sailed immediately from the mother bank. What was to be done? He had no money, and not a soul would put off on such a trip without being previously well paid. The matter was to all appearance come to the worst, when seeing two watermen at cards in the stern sheets of a boat, he was led, by an irresistible, impulse to see how matters went on.

The owner of the boat was losing his money at all fours, when John requested that he might play a hand or two for him; offering to abide himself by any loss during his own play. The man agreed, and John not only won back the losings, but eased his opponent of all his money. The waterman was asked to take him on board; but no promise of money could tempt him: "It was too far," and "mayhap might never get a penny by it;" "had been sarved so before;" and all the host of objections, common among interested persons, were raised. At length the waterman, taking hold of John's button, drew him aside from the many who were there laughing at his misfortune, and said he had observed, that in dealing, there seemed to be something uncommon; besides that, "he had turned up *Jack* plaguy often." "Now, young'ne, I've a notion that didn't come by nature; and if so be you'll show me how to do it, I will take you aboard at all risks."

The bargain was struck; the man, being instructed how to turn up *Jack*, with the aid of three of his friends, sailed and rowed with such effect as to get within notice of the vessel before dark. The sails were backed, and John facetiously observed, as he quitted the boat: "Now, my honest friend, you have turned up *Jack* in earnest;" meaning the waterman had fairly fulfilled his promise, by putting him, John Mordaunt, on board.

On his arrival at Madras, John was received with open arms by all his countrymen, according to the practice of those days, when unbounded hospitality was prevalent. His letters of introduction, which had been prudently given in charge to the captain of the ship, were delivered; and there appears no doubt but he might have speedily obtained some important situation; but general sir John Clavering, who was then commander in chief in India, and who was, accordingly, second in council at Calcutta, having promised to provide for him, John went on to Bengal, where he was appointed an honorary aid de camp to that officer, still retaining his rank on the Madras establishment, where he was afterwards subjected to much ill will and obloquy.

The general had, no doubt, been preinformed of the gross ignorance under which our hero laboured, and was determined to put his abilities to an early test. Accordingly, after a few days entrance on his appointment, John was desired to write a letter, conformably to leading points furnished by the general, to one of the colonels, commanding at an upper station. John very readily undertook the office, and in a short time returned to the general's apartment with the letter, written according to the *data*.

Sir John did all he could to unravel the various pothook combinations, and to arrange them into any thing like penmanship; but in vain. The orthography was not a whit better. The general was amazed; but, being willing to know how John might have expressed what was intrusted to him to communicate, as the only means of obtaining that knowledge, desired him to read what he had written. In this reasonable expectation, the general was, however, completely foiled; his *protégé* very deliberately saying, "that was no part of *his* duty: he had obeyed the general's orders by *writing* the letter. It was the business of the *colonel* to whom it was addressed, to *read* it!"

It is truly wonderful, that, under the consciousness of being so very deficient in this branch, and in a circle which is so eminent for superiour education, such as the society in India may fairly claim to be, Mordaunt should have taken so little, if any, pains to improve himself. He surpassed in almost every thing he undertook; yet, seemingly, more by intuition, than by any study or effort to excel. This ignorance in regard to writing, was the more remarkable, as he generally conversed with perfect propriety; often, indeed, with elegance of diction, and with a precise appropriation of his words to the particular occasion. He spoke the Hindoo language fluently, and was a tolerable Persian scholar; yet he could not write two lines of English correctly. I once had occasion to borrow a horse from him for a day or two. He sent the animal to me with the following note.

"You may kip the hos as long as you lick."

His excellence of temper, under all the jokes to which this unhappy deficiency subjected him, was wonderful. He knew his failing, and allowed it to stand as a butt for the amusement of his friends; but was highly offended at the attempt of any one, whom he did not feel a partiality for, to excite a laugh at his expense; and more than once, in my hearing, has astonished persons of that description into the most complete humility. Once in particular, a very worthy young man of the name of James P—— who was rather of the more silly order of beings, thinking he could take the liberty of playing with, or rather upon him, in a large company called to Mordaunt, desiring him to say what was the Latin for a goose? The answer was briefly: "I don't know the *Latin* for it; but the *English* for it is *James P——*."

It should have been premised, that the foregoing question was put to Mordaunt, in consequence of his having, in a note, sent to a person who had

offended him, required "an immediate *anser* by the bearer." The gentleman addressed, wishing to terminate the matter amicably, construed the word literally, and sent a *goose* by the bearer; stating also, that he would partake of it the next day. This, to a man of Mordaunt's kidney, was the high road to reconciliation; though to nine persons in ten, and especially to those labouring under such a desperate deficiency in point of orthography, it would have appeared highly insulting.

It may readily be supposed, that Mordaunt was more ornamental than useful in general Clavering's office. However, the latter could not help esteeming him, and had he lived, would probably have effected Mordaunt's removal from the Madras to the Bengal army. But the general dying, no other person felt so bold, or so interested for him, as to labour at that which, though not unprecedented, was so hostile to the sentiments of the latter establishment. The Madras officers never failed to notice, sometimes, indeed, in rather harsh terms, the injustice of an officer being on their rolls, who never joined his regiment for nearly twenty years, and whose whole time was passed in the lap of dissipation.

Being on a party of pleasure to the northward, and near to Lucknow, the capital of Oude, and the residence of the late nabob vizier, Asoph ul Doulah, Mordaunt, of course, had the curiosity to see both the prince and his court. The free, open temper of Asoph pleased Mordaunt, whose figure and manner made a great impression on his illustrious host. The latter was fond of hunting and shooting. To cockfighting, indeed, he was so partial, that he has even neglected due attendance to business of importance with the several residents, while engaged in a main with "his dear friend Mordaunt," who was completely skilled in that branch of barbarity.

Though I cannot say it ever appeared to me as a very faithful resemblance, yet there is sufficient of character, and some other good points, in the portrait intended to represent Mordaunt, in the celebrated picture of the cockpit, executed by Zoffani, while at the nabob's court, to give some idea of the manly, dignified, and elegant person of the subject of this memoir. He is there represented as in the act of handing a cock, on which he bets highly, in opposition to a bird of his highness, the nabob, who is pourtrayed, in a loose undress, on the opposite side of the pit.

The figures in question, however, possess some merit, from the insight they give into the open, independent, yet unassuming air of Mordaunt, and the familiar manner in which the nabob stooped to join in diversions with him, and, indeed, with every European gentleman who wished to partake of such amusements as characterized that weak, idle, and contemptible prince.

Mordaunt became such a favourite, that he was retained by the vizier at his court, in capacity of aid de camp; though he never attended but according to his own fancy, and then, generally, either to shoot, or to gamble with him. The various applications and sarcasms directed against Mordaunt, as an absentee from his corps, for so many years, and at the distance of full two thousand miles, were alike disregarded by himself, and by the supreme government, of which all the individuals were personally attached to him. Some persons did not hesitate to assert, that he was kept by Mr. Hastings as a spy over the vizier, in consequence of the high favour and confidence the latter reposed in him; but those who could entertain such an opinion, must be in extreme error; for neither the conduct nor the disposition of Mordaunt, ever gave the smallest opening for such an inference. He was candid, free, and generous; and, I think, he would have abruptly revolted at any commission which might impose it, either direct-

ly, or circuitously, as a duty on him, to betray the secrets of the man who treated him with kindness and with respect.

Mordaunt was in the receipt of a handsome salary, and possessed many distinguished privileges under the patronage of the vizier, who often used to refer Europeans to him on occasions requiring his advice; though now and then he used to have recourse to the same excuse, when he did not wish to comply. On every such occasion Mordaunt was friendly, and on some rendered great service. Of this I shall quote instances.

Mr. Zoffani, in a humorous moment, had painted the nabob at full length, but in high caricature. The picture being at colonel Martine's, where old Zoffani resided, and the colonel's house being frequented by immense numbers of the natives, especially of those who, when the nabob wanted money, took his jewels to the colonel's to be pledged, it was not long before the prince was informed of the joke. In the first moments of irritation, he was disposed to make the painter a head shorter, and to dismiss the colonel, who was his chief engineer, and had the charge of his arsenal; but, as nothing could be done without his "dear friend Mordaunt," a message was despatched requiring his immediate attendance, "on matters of the utmost importance." This being a very stale mode of summoning Mordaunt, who would attend, or rather visit, only when it pleased himself, would have probably been disregarded, had not the messenger stated, that the nabob was incensed against Martine and Zoffani.

Mordaunt found the nabob foaming with rage, and about to proceed with a host of rabble attendants to the colonel's. However, he got the story out of the nabob as well as he could, and argued him into a state of calmness, sufficient to let his purpose be suspended until the next day. So soon as could be done with safety, Mordaunt retired; and, as privately as possible, sent a note to Zoffani, with intelligence of the intended visit.

No time was lost, and the laughable caricature was in a few hours changed, by the magick pencil of Zoffani, into a superb portrait, highly ornamented, and so inimitably resemblant of the vizier, that it has been preferred to all which have been taken at sittings. The vizier did not fail to come, his mind full of anxiety for the honour of his dignified person, attended by Mordaunt, whose feelings for his friend's fate were speedily dissipated, when, on entering the portrait chamber, the picture in question shone forth so superbly, as to astonish the vizier, and to sully even the splendour which his whole equipage displayed on the occasion.

Asoph was delighted; hurried the picture home; gave Zoffani ten thousand rupees for it; and ordered the person who had informed him of the *supposed* caricature, to have his nose and ears cut off. Mordaunt, however, was equally successful in obtaining the poor fellow's pardon; and as the nabob would not detain him as a servant, very generously made him one of his own pensioners.

At another time, the *Hajam*, or barber, who cut his excellency's hair, happened to draw blood, by going a little into the quick. This is considered as an offence of the highest atrocity; because crowned heads, throughout India, become degraded, if one drop of their blood be spilt by a barber; over whom a drawn sword is always held, while performing his duty, to remind him of his fate in case of the slightest incision.

The nabob, actuated by the common prejudice above described, had ordered the barber to be baked to death in an oven; when Mordaunt applied for his pardon. He could only obtain it conditionally; and, to be sure, the condition was both ludicrous and whimsical. Balloons were just invented when this happened, and colonel Martine, being very ingenious,

had made one which had taken up a considerable weight for short distances.

The nabob changed suddenly from great wrath to a sudden laugh, which continued so long as to alarm Mordaunt, whose pleasure was extreme, when he heard that, instead of being baked, the barber was to mount in the balloon, and to *brush* through the air according as chance might direct him.

It was accordingly settled. The balloon being sent off from his highness's forecourt, the barber was carried, more dead than alive, at a prodigious rate, to Poliergurge, distant about five miles from the city of Lucknow.

Mordaunt was little acquainted with the small sword, but was an excellent marksman, either with ball or small shot. With the latter he scarcely ever was seen to miss; and I have known him to come off winner when he has wagered to kill twenty snipes in as many shots. Although he missed one bird, he made up for it by killing two that were sprung at the same moment, and which, flying across each other's direction, were shot at the point of intersection. He was one of three, who, during one day, in the year 1786, shot such a quantity of game, chiefly snipes and teal, as loaded a small boat which conveyed the birds from Gowgautchy to Calcutta. His favourite sport was tiger shooting, in which he was often very successful; being vigorous, spirited, and expert; all which qualifications are indispensably requisite in that noble branch of the chase.

With respect to the use of a pistol, it was wonderful. I have often competed with him, but without the smallest chance of winning. He has frequently laid five to one, though he confessed I sometimes trod close on his heels. I have, more than once, seen him hit a common brassheaded nail at fifteen yards; and I would always have wagered on his side, when the object was an inch in diameter.

A curious circumstance happened to him while at Lucknow. An officer had taken offence at something he had said, and talked much of calling him to an account. He went to Mordaunt's with a friend, and there detailed the cause of his visit, in terms not clothed in all the politeness the dictionary could have helped him to. He was heard very patiently, and after a very short explanation, found himself to be in the wrong. Mordaunt convinced him of his error, and reprimanded him for his manner of delivering himself on the occasion. After the matter was concluded, and they were perfectly reconciled, I happened to drop in to take a few shots, when the ability displayed by Mordaunt made his visiter look pale. He afterwards confessed to me, that it was well all was settled.

Yet, strange to say, when a few years after, Mordaunt and another gentleman engaged in a quarrel of a very serious nature, with a third, whom they had accused of some improper conduct at cards, he missed his adversary, who, on the other hand, wounded both Mordaunt and his friend desperately. This was not owing to agitation, but, as Mordaunt expressed, in very curious terms, at the moment of missing, to the pistol being too highly charged.

While speaking of cards, I must again state, that he was acquainted with all the ordinary tricks in the shuffling, cutting, and dealing way. Of this an instance is well known. Mordaunt observed that one of his adversaries at whist was remarkably fortunate in his *own* deals; and, as he was rather a suspicious character, thought it needful to watch him. When Mordaunt came to deal, he gave himself thirteen trumps! This excited the curiosity of all, but particularly of the gentleman in question, who

was very pointed in his observations on the singularity of the case. Mordaunt briefly said: "Sir, this was to show that you should not have all the fun to yourself," and, rising from his seat, left the black leg to ruminate on the obvious necessity of quitting India. Here, however, Mordaunt's goodness of heart was prevalent; for he obtained a promise from the whole party to keep the secret; provided the offender instantly left the country; which he accordingly did by the first conveyance.

With respect to the ordinary rules of arithmetick, no man could be more ignorant than Mordaunt; at least he never showed the least knowledge of any thing relating thereto. He kept no books, but all his money concerns were on scraps, and under terms and figures intelligible only to himself. He had many extensive claims on the nabob; and he had immense losses and gains to register in the I,O,U, way. Yet, even the most intricate cases never puzzled him; and at settling times, he was rarely, if ever, found to be in error. This was one of the points in which he was apt to be peremptory; for no sooner did he hear a claim stated, which did not tally with his own peculiar mode of accounting, than he condemned it, in round terms, and would scarcely hear the attempt to substantiate, what he so decidedly denied.

It was well known that he could arrange the cards according to his pleasure; yet such was the general, I may say, universal opinion of his honour, that no one hesitated to play with him, sober or otherwise, for their usual stakes. His decision, in cases of differences, was generally final; and many references have been made to him, by letter, from very distant situations, regarding points in gaming.

His spirited detestation of any attempt at the undue exercise of authority, was manifested on various occasions; in one especially. A fives-court had been built by subscription, near the resident's house at Lucknow, and was considered as publick property. A succeeding resident, who lately died immensely rich, took the liberty of pulling it down, as it interfered with that privacy he sought as a married man. In that point no body would have differed from him; but, as it was done without consent of, or even notice to the proprietors, or to the society then at the place, such an arbitrary proceeding naturally gave offence. None liked to stand forth, until Mordaunt, who was at the time of despoliation at Calcutta, returned, and insisted on another fives-court being built at the resident's expense, on a site more convenient to all parties.

A new court was accordingly built for four of a side. It was ninety feet over-all, besides twelve feet of space beyond. The front wall was seventy feet high, and the court was forty feet broad. The inside was covered with black plaster, highly polished, and the floor terraced in a very superior manner.

Mordaunt was so much master of his racket, and was so vigorous, that he would always wager on hitting the line from the over-all, a distance of thirty yards, once in three times. He could beat most people with a common round ruler.

If he ever did indulge in mischief, it was at this game, when his best friends were sure to receive some smart tokens of remembrance. I have had a ball or two from him occasionally, which kept my back in a glow for hours. But he used to be terribly severe on a very worthy, good natured civilian, Mr. Marcus Sackville Taylor, deputy to colonel now major general, Palmer, who was for some years resident at the nabob's court.

Being on a brotherly footing, Mr. Taylor used to take these unpleasant raps, as every body else did, in good humour; and endeavoured, though

not with equal success, to pay Mordaunt in his own coin. One evening he received so many, and so forcible repetitions of the joke, that he requested of Mordaunt to discontinue it. The latter, however, did not desist, but soon after gave Mr. Taylor such a blow, as exasperated him highly, and induced him, in rather a vindictive tone, to declare if he were hit again, his racket should be thrown at Mordaunt's head. This threat produced a whimsical scene; for Mordaunt coolly told Mr. Taylor, that if he threw his racket, he would give him a good drubbing. Mr. Taylor no sooner heard the reply, than he fired with indignation; and said, that "as between gentlemen, suppositions were considered as facts, Mordaunt might consider the racket he threw to the ground, as being thrown at his head." "Very well, Sackville," answered Mordaunt, very drily; "then you may consider this aim I have taken with my racket, as being with a pistol, and that I have *shot you dead*." Mr. Taylor was proceeding with his intentions, when Mordaunt observed to him, that as he was, according to his own suppositions, dead, of course he could not speak; and therefore, nothing further could be said or heard, on his part. The whole party present, who were chagrined to see the smallest difference between two worthy men, joined in the laugh with Mordaunt, and in silencing his *dead* opponent, who speedily was restored to *life*, and to good humour.

This curious controversy, afterwards called *the metaphysical duel*, was often significantly quoted, or alluded to, on occasions where matters that went to extremity in the cabinet, ended tamely in the field.

Mordaunt never allowed the nabob to treat him with the least disrespect, or with hauteur. Indeed, such was the estimation in which he was held by that prince, that, in all probability, the latter never felt any disposition towards exerting his authority. Something may be gathered from the following anecdote. The nabob wanted some alterations to be made in the howdah of his state elephant, and asked Mordaunt's opinion as to the best mode of securing it. The latter, very laconically, told the nabob, he understood nothing of the matter; he having been born and bred a gentleman; but that probably his blacksmith, pointing to colonel Martine, could inform him how the howdah ought to be fastened.

This sneer, no doubt, gratified Mordaunt; who, though extremely intimate with Martine, and in the habit of addressing him by various ludicrous, but sarcastick nicknames, seemed not to relish that fondness for money, and those various practices of which he was said to be guilty.

Martine was very rich, and had built two houses near Lucknow, both of them complete fortifications, and capable of holding out a long time, against such popular commotions as were hourly to be expected. He lent money to the rich natives, taking their own or their wives' trinkets in pledge. He was, besides, very extensively concerned in trade, to very remote parts of India. He built several ships, and was, on the whole, a very useful man. He died about four years ago, immensely rich; but being very little acquainted with the English language, though near forty years in our service, he made such a will as might be expected from a man so circumstanced, and who prided himself in being his own lawyer. The consequence has been, that the manifold contradictions and equivocal expressions it abounded with, occasioned the whole estate to be thrown into chancery, whence it will, probably, never make its escape.

Marquis Cornwallis was either unwilling to compel Mordaunt to return to the Madras establishment, or was prevailed on by the vizier to let him remain on his staff. The marquis, one day, seeing Mordaunt at his levee;

asked him if he did not long to join his regiment. "No, my lord," answered Mordaunt, "not in the least." "But," resumed the marquis, "your services may be wanted, perhaps." "Indeed, my lord," rejoined Mordaunt, "I cannot do you half the service there, that I can in keeping the vizier amused, while you *ease* him of his money."

As a *bon vivant*, as master of the revels, or at the head of his own table, few could give greater variety, or more complete satisfaction than Mordaunt. He had the best of wines, and spared no expense, though he would take very little personal trouble, in providing whatever was choice or rare. He stood on little ceremony, especially at his own house; and, at his friend's, never allowed any thing to incommode him, from a bashful reserve. Whatever was, in his opinion wrong, he did not hesitate to condemn.

These observations were very quick, and generally not devoid of humour. His old friend, captain Waugh, dining with him one day, made such a hole in a fine goose, as to excite the attention of Mordaunt; who, turning to his head servant, ordered aloud, that, "whenever captain Waugh dined at his house, there should always be *two* geese on table; *one* for the captain, the *other* for the company."

The following anecdote will exhibit, that the above directions were not misapplied.

Captain Waugh commanded one of the six battalions which, under the immortal Goddard, penetrated through the heart of the Mahratta country, though opposed by at least a hundred thousand men, chiefly cavalry. When the peace was concluded with that power, in 1782, captain Waugh took his passage from Bombay to Bengal, in a vessel which was captured off Tranquebar, by Suffrein. That admiral treated him with great politeness, and invited him to his table. The French, according to their custom, began with their soup, &c. while Waugh commenced his attack on a goose, which happened to be near him. The bird was soon disposed of, and Waugh had just stuck his fork into a duck, when Suffrein, with great good nature, but under no small astonishment, observed, that he had forgot the English captain's name, but requested he would take a glass of wine. "My name is Waugh, and I will drink with you with all my heart," answered the captain. "*Bon, bon,*" said Suffrein, delighted at what he thought was a joke of his guest's; "*mais, Monsieur Waugh, si vous resteriez ici, nous n'aurions pas une oie dans toute l'escadre.*"\*

The pun was rather a fortunate one for Waugh, who played such a tune with his knife and fork, as made all the Frenchmen stare, and induced Suffrein to set him ashore, on parole, at the first port.

After the arrival of the two brothers, Harry and John, in Bengal, they had but little intercourse. Harry seemed to be jealous and envious of his brother's qualifications, and of the general partiality in his favour; which was by no means the case with himself. He was haughty, reserved, tenacious, and satirical; consequently was not very likely to be much respected, or relished as a companion. His emaciated, bilious appearance, was not calculated to prepossess either sex in his behalf. Indeed, the ladies could not bear him. John always treated him with particular consideration; but, when having attempted to oppose, or to argue against him, used briefly

\* The literal translation of this facetious reply of the admiral's would stand thus:—"Truly, Mr. Waugh, if you remain here, we shall not have a goose left in the whole squadron." But this is rather an inversion of the pun on the word *oie*, which signifies a goose. Indeed, I know not how it could be rendered in English, so as to retain that point which entitles it to our admiration.

to put him down with: "Hold your tongue, Harry, you are a puny little fool, and fit for nothing but to be a lord." Nevertheless, John never allowed any person to speak disrespectfully of him.

Harry died of diseases which seemed to have been rocked with him in his cradle; while John, though possessed of a vigorous constitution, after arriving at the acmé of popularity, at least so far as related to all with whom he associated, and after performing feats in various exercises, which denoted the vastness of his powers, seemed to descend, as it were, down a precipice into his grave. He never, indeed, got completely better of the pistol shot in his breast; and, probably, actuated by that mistaken pride, generally urging men who have done wonders, not to allow their decrease of vigour to be noticed or suspected, he neglected the warnings given him by one or two serious attacks on his liver, and thus hastened that end which we may call untimely.

He died in the 40th year of his age, beloved and regretted by a numerous circle. I believe, setting aside the dissipation in which he delighted, he could not leave any past reckoning of vices to appear against him. His heart was formed for friendship. He was warm in his attachments, which were, however, very select; and, notwithstanding the peculiar bluntness of his manner, I cannot say I ever heard him utter a rude thing, or do an uncharitable act.

Such are the outlines of a man, who, had he been bred in courts, would probably have been the Rochester of his day; for he was inordinately fond of women; and seemed, when ill, to regret his situation chiefly as depriving him of their society.

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### INSTINCT OF SHEEP.

AMONG the speculations which occupy the intelligent, few are more generally interesting than those which relate to the manners of animals; but these can only be ascertained by familiarity with the creatures themselves, which does not usually happen to gentlemen who are accustomed to communicate their sentiments to the publick. We therefore take the opportunity of extracting, from works that have lately passed under our hands, such particulars as appear to us to deserve notice, in reference to that very important animal the sheep. *Lit. Panorama.*

The extensive mountains which form so considerable a portion of the whole county of Brecknock, are covered with innumerable flocks of sheep. The habits and manners of these animals and their keepers are little known to the world at large, and much less to the learned part of the community. After long hesitation and frequent doubts, courts of justice have at last agreed, though apparently against their conviction, to admit, that those who have been accustomed to the care of sheep can indentify their countenance, and describe with precision their general shape and make; but it is clear, that though juries give implicit credit to this kind of evidence, yet many gentlemen of the long robe entertain strong suspicions, either that these witnesses are too bold in their assertions, or else that there must be some mystery in this knowledge, which neither learning, nor great reading, can fathom. When the difference between one sheep and another in a flock is pointed out to them, it is acknowledged for a moment; "but," say these learned scepticks, "if the same animals be shown us a second

time at the interval of an hour or two, we cannot recognise those features with which we believed we had formed an acquaintance." The same consequences would follow if an equal number of men were assembled, we'll suppose, at a fair or market; and they would be much more certain, if as many soldiers, or persons in the same dress, were drawn up in a line; if any two or three were pointed out at random, who had no striking, or uncommon, peculiarity of features, and the beholder could be spun round like a top, it is ten to one that when the rotary motion ceased, he would not be able to identify them a second time; but that there is as great variety in feature, in shape, and in make, as well as in *disposition*, in the brute creation, as there is in the human form and mind, will be as clear and as evident on minute investigation, as any problem in geometry. The shepherd who has been accustomed to follow his flocks, to watch them late and early, and to study their habits and manners, preserves the perfect recollection of them; without scientifick, or systematick, order, it is true, but with unerring accuracy. He is competent not only to mark their physiognomy, but to discriminate their voices, and even to develop their characters. He describes one as active, another as slothful, a third as thievish, another honest, one is domestick, another given to straying; nay, though their disposition be in general gregarious, some are more sociable than others; some are frequently seen grazing at a distance, though in sight of the flock, as if courting the protection of their neighbours in the hour of danger, though shy of their company, in their general demeanour and habits.

If there can be any doubt of the intimate knowledge which this class of men possess on the subject, let an experiment be made, from which no skilful shepherd will ever flinch. Let a flock be driven from the mountains or their pastures, with their lambs; let them be divided; the dams placed in one fold, and the young in another, out of the sight and hearing of each other; and then let the shepherd be introduced, for the first time, and he will instantly select the dam and her young one, or *vice versa*, and bring them together, without erring once in a hundred times. The most skilful physiognomist will hesitate before he tries the same experiment with mankind.

Nor are these animals themselves without talents or without peculiarities. Their general characteristick is, an amiable mildness, which submits, without complaint, to every injury they may sustain from either man or the brute creation. When they are accompanied by their young, they appear to assume a courage, which is almost ludicrous, when we know how short lived it is likely to be. The dam, placing her offspring in the rear, turns round, looks at the barking cur, stamps with her foot, as if challenging an attack and provoking the affray. Nay, even the whole flock form something like martial array, and put on "a swaggering outside;" but, the moment the enemy charges, they disperse in all directions, seek their safety in flight, and become the same defenceless creatures as they are during the greatest part of their lives. Their dispositions, however, vary in different parts of the kingdom. In England they are docile and domestick. They may there be confined by enclosures, and are patient of control. They are driven into their nightly folds, without difficulty, and are collected without labour by the shepherd, while ours in Wales resemble their aboriginal masters, in manners, and in their mode of life. While they are depastured in fields and low lands, and boundaries are prescribed to them, they have a mischievous activity, which baffles human ingenuity to correct. Place them on a mountain, where they are apparently free, and

may roam whither they please, and they stick to a favourite spot, as if they were surrounded by a wall. Here again the *lawyer* stumbles when he hears that a sheep is stolen from a hill; he cannot be persuaded to believe that they can be *localized* in such a wild and open country; but the fact is, that after they have been accustomed to graze upon a particular part of a mountain, if they are not disturbed when at rest at nights, they are prisoners by choice, and cannot be removed from thence without difficulty. This is perfectly well understood, by proprietors of sheep in this country, who sometimes avail themselves of their knowledge in a very artful manner. When there is a right of intercommoning, which is frequently the case here, the shepherd who wishes to prevent a new flock from depasturing on the same bank, or hill, with those called the *old settlers*, comes at the dusk, or in the middle of the night, rattles some stones which he carries in his pockets, throws up his hat, or takes up clods and throws them about him, in all directions. This, one would suppose, disturbs his own sheep, as well as his neighbour's. It is, indeed, particularly disagreeable and unpleasant to both; but the new settlers, not being so much accustomed, and of course not so much attached, to the spot, give up the walk, and leave it in the sole possession of the old occupiers.

When sheep are first driven to the hills from the low grounds, the old sheep, with that affection which is, however, not peculiar to this animal, mount to the highest eminence, and leave, or rather confine, the yearlings and youngest to the lowest part of the hill, showing them by their conduct, perhaps informing them in their language, that they are not so capable of enduring cold, as those which have been accustomed to a more bleak and elevated situation. It is very certain, also, that Providence has implanted in them, for the preservation of their species, a *presentiment* of the approach of hard weather, particularly of snow, sometimes so fatal to them. A day or two before it falls they are observed to avoid the ditches and other situations where drifts are likely to be formed, and sometimes, though seldom, they have been known to quit the hills entirely, to overleap all enclosures, and to come down into the vales a day before a storm commenced.—There is also a peculiarity, as it is said, in the sheep bred in Glamorganshire, when sold and delivered into Brecknockshire, which is very remarkable; but, incredible as it appears, it is attested by the universal voice of those who are conversant in this species of traffick. They assert, positively, that if a lot of sheep be brought from the former country into the latter, the purchaser is obliged to watch them for a considerable time, more narrowly, and with greater care, than the other part of his flocks. They say, that when the wind is from the south, they *smell it*, and, as if recognising their native air, they instantly meditate an escape. It is certain, whatever may be the cause, that they may be descried sometimes standing on the highest eminence, turning up their noses, and apparently snuffing up the gale. Here they remain, as it were, ruminating for some time, and then, if no impediment occurs, they scour with impetuosity along the waste, and never stop, until they reach their former homes. *Jones's History of Brecknockshire*, p. 320, &c.

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Let the farmer take the ewes of each distinct hill, hop, or ridge, and, about the middle of July, select from each of these divisions of the best lambs, a number sufficient to replace the aged, infirm, and eild of that certain department. Let these be kept in a parcel by themselves, or with the eild sheep, until the milk is gone from the ewes, and then turn them again at large to pasture, with the old sheep, each on his own native

hill all the rest of their lives ; for no sooner are they set at liberty, than they draw to their respective places, and commonly again join their dam and former acquaintances. Thus, in a few years, every little department of the farm becomes stocked with a distinct clan of friends, who will in no wise separate ; and though they be ever so thoroughly mixed with other clans during the day, they will all sunder voluntarily, and draw to their own layers at even.

It is very wonderful, that though a number of individuals of a flock often go quite blind for months together, very few of them will stray from their own walk. Nay, unless when they lose themselves during the first three days, they are as sure to be found at home as any of the parcel. Their necessity teaches them a wonderful sagacity, in following the rest of the flock by the scent ; and a friend generally attaches itself to the sufferer, waiting on it with the most tender assiduity, and, by its bleating, calls it back from danger, and from going astray.

Coarse *whale oil* drives away flies, although they have settled on sheep, and torment the whole fold.

*Hogg on Sheep.*

*To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.*

INVESTIGATION OF CERTAIN PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE, ON PRINCIPLES NOT  
HITHERTO ADOPTED.

SIR,

IT gives me pleasure to be informed, that any of your correspondents, although most are, I doubt not, more learned than myself, should have expressed satisfaction with those feeble efforts which, in compliance with your solicitation, I transmitted for your work. Being thus incidentally drawn into a correspondence, I beg leave to submit a conjecture of mine, to the opinion of those to whose judgment I readily defer.

It is well known that many verbal variations are found in the present MS. copies of our Sacred Books : and much diligence and learning have lately been employed, very laudably, in ascertaining those variations. It is known also, that conjecture has been extremely busy in forming suppositions as to their origin and causes : but although almost all kinds of imaginations have been indulged on this subject, nobody, so far as I know, has proposed the notion of a *second edition* of an inspired writer's works having been published *by himself*. Yet, if we reflect on the question without prejudice, we shall not discover, as I apprehend, any valid reason to the contrary.

It cannot, indeed, be considered as very likely, that St. Paul should go over the whole of the epistles which he wrote, with a view to their publication in one body ; because, we know that they were, many of them, written on the spur of the occasion, and that he was almost continually changing his residence. Nevertheless, he might, when at Rome, for instance, keep copies of those letters which he sent into Greece. These he might review and revise, occasionally, and might give, to persons who desired copies of his writings, permission to transcribe from MSS. so revised by himself. What is there in this, contrary to good faith ? Do we not see it done every day by writers of the highest repute, without the smallest imputation ? If any one objects, that the very *words* of the first edition being inspired they could not be varied without guilt ; I answer, that even our blessed Lord himself did repeat his sentiments a second time, in words not the

same as those which he had used the first time; not from any imperfection in the phrases which he had at first adopted, but from condescension to the understandings of his hearers, who had, as he perceived, misunderstood, or not fully comprehended, his meaning. And, what he, who was inspiration itself, did in speaking, why should not his apostles do in writing?

It is probable that St. Paul, when writing to the Corinthians, for instance, would use Greek terms, current in Corinth, in the same sense as they were used in that city; whether or not those identical words expressed the same identical ideas, without variation, at Athens, at Rome, or elsewhere than at Corinth. We know that nearly or quite every city in Britain has some phrases, or terms, which are employed by its citizens, in their own peculiar sense. Suppose then, a person at Rome was desirous of perusing St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians; would it not become the writer to explain in what sense such or such a Corinthian word was used by him, or to substitute such other word as the Roman reader would understand to express the sentiment or idea intended? This is not only no impeachment of the moral character of the apostle, but, whether it would not, on the contrary, have been such an impeachment, had he put into the hands of his reader, words which he would not understand, or would understand in a wrong sense, may be submitted, without hesitation, to the judgment of your readers.

It is not, however, principally in reference to St. Paul, that I propose the present hints. He was an active man: but, if there was another apostle who was more stationary, who for many years together resided in the same city, whose life was lengthened out to extreme old age, who was solicited to write, and who, in compliance with such solicitations, did write *his last work*, is there any thing unlikely or unnatural in the conjecture, that when he published his last work, he also revised his former works, and delivered this revision, together with his new production, to those persons who had urged him to favour them with these labours? Would any body suppose there was any harm in his publishing a *second edition* of tracts, composed by him fifteen or twenty years before? But, to bring this question to the test of an instance:

Whoever has attentively perused the first Epistle of St. John, must have remarked, that the language perpetually fluctuates from time present "I write"—to time past "*I have written*." Let us try the two first chapters: chapter I. verse 4. these things *write* we: chap. II. 1. I write: 7. I write: 8. I write: 12. I write: 13. I write: 14. *I have written*: 21. *I have written*: 26. *I have written*.

I think it absolutely impossible, that any author would change his phrase from "*I have written*," in his first edition to "*I write*" in the second edition. He would never adopt that form of the verb. But I see no improbability in supposing, that, in his second edition, he might vary the "*I write*" of the first, to "*I have written*."

I think it extremely unlikely, that any author, having stated a position both affirmatively and negatively, in his first edition, would diminish the effect of his statement, by expunging either branch in his second edition; but, I see no improbability of his adding to the strength of his first edition, by rendering the second more complete: for instance, chap. II. 23.

FIRST EDITION.

Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.

SECOND EDITION.

Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father, (*but*) *He that acknowledgeth the Son the same hath the Father also.*

Your readers will judge, whether this edition is not precisely in St. John's manner: yet it is marked as *doubtful* in our publick version, by being printed in Italicks, because it is not extant in all copies.

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There is a yet more decisive instance, as I think, of such rewriting, in verses 12, 13, and 14.

#### FIRST EDITION.

I write unto you little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.

I write unto you young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one.

I write unto you fathers, because ye have known Him who is from the beginning.

#### SECOND EDITION.

I have written unto you little children, because ye have known the Father.

I have written unto you young men, *because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you*, and ye have overcome the wicked one.

I have written unto you fathers, because ye have known Him who is from the beginning.

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On this passage I beg leave to make a few remarks.

1. I think it impossible any writer should designedly insert two passages, one following the other, of the same ideas, and so perfectly correspondent, in any edition of his works, published by himself.

2. I cannot bring myself to think, that any copier would dare to *add* two sentences to the words of an inspired writer. This would be a crime committed on set purpose.

3. Though it is much more easy to omit two sentences, than to insert one *fresh* sentence; yet I am extremely unwilling to impute such gross negligence to the Christian transcribers.

4. No writer of taste or feeling, having described the young men as *being strong, and having the word of God abiding in them*, could expunge these ideas: but (as our foregoing instance consisted of an *addition* which strengthened the sentiment) these ideas appear to be *added*, with a design to complete the passage. I leave this argument to the feelings of all who are judges of composition.

5. I must observe, that the copies do not agree in offering the same reading. Some omit the second address to fathers; and none has preserved the *natural* order of the parties addressed. If we begin with the children, we must place the young men second, and the fathers last. If we begin with the fathers, we must place the children last; whereas it stands in our copies, 1. children; 2. fathers; 3. young men: an order for which no reason can be assigned, but totally subversive of the order of nature. Your critical readers will judge of the arrangement I have offered, and of other minor variations.

You will not understand me, sir, as pleading for any change of *sentiment* in the apostle: I have only considered *words*. Those who do not think every word that flowed from a sacred writer's pen was inspired, will find no difficulty in giving a fair consideration to my hypothesis. It appears to me to be well calculated for solving some of those perplexities which have embarrassed the learned. You will also perceive, that I conclude that we have in our present copies, transcripts of *both* editions. Now there is no harm in having this duplication: and I hope there is nothing dishonourable in my mode of accounting for it. It surely needs no apology for supposing,

that an ancient copyist, meeting with a copy of each edition, inserted them both in one copy, from which association our present copies are descendants. It is impossible to conjecture over what extent of country either edition might prevail; but the *first* edition was, in all probability, the most generally dispersed.

In my next, I propose to inquire what effect this view of the subject would have on the contested text of the *heavenly witnesses*; and I am, &c.

FIDELIS.

Suppose the passage were completed by combining the two editions thus:

I have written to you little children, because ye have known the Father, and your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.

I have written to you young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.

I have written to you fathers, because ye have known Him that is from the beginning.

Love not the world, &c.

Biographical Notice on the Marquis de Pombal, formerly Secretary of State, and Prime Minister of Portugal.

DON SEBASTIAN JOSEPH CARVALLO MELHO, so well known by the title of marquis de Pombal, was born in 1699, of a noble Portuguese family, of the second rank. Eminently gifted with advantages of person, he married in the early part of his life, a Portuguese lady, of birth superior to his own, and this ill sorted union embittered his days. He, however, attempted by means of his new connexions, to make his way at court; but all his endeavours proved at that time fruitless. Disappointed in his ambitious hopes, he shut himself up in his country residence; and, to avoid, as much as possible, the intolerable company of his lady, he gave himself up entirely to study. The laws of his country, and the laws of nations as publickly avowed in Europe, were the principal objects of his researches; and from that kind of study, he contracted a diffuse and pedantick manner of writing, which was afterwards conspicuous in all his productions.

After several years of political seclusion, Carvalho saw at last the long wished-for prospect opening to his view; he had been a widower for some time, when, in 1745, he was sent to Vienna, on a secret mission. He was then forty-six years of age; but neither his time of life, nor his diplomatick occupations, prevented him from paying his addresses to a young countess of the Daun family, whom he married shortly afterwards. This marriage was the principal cause of his fortune. The court of Vienna, where his lady's family was highly considered, interested itself powerfully in favour of Carvalho, and at the death of John V. king of Portugal, in 1750, king Joseph, his successour, appointed him secretary for foreign affairs. In this situation he remained five years, without any marked pre-eminence over his colleagues; but, a calamitous circumstance soon gave him an opportunity of displaying the superiour powers of his mind. Every one knows, that in 1755, Lisbon was visited by an earthquake, which laid the whole city in ruins. In that awful situation, the king, his ministers, and his courtiers, unmanned by terrour, were incapable of any resolution, and vented their fears, in womanish superstitions. Meantime, fires had broken

out in many places among the ruins, and numerous banditti were ransacking the desolated city, as their lawful prey. Carvalho alone, undismayed in the general consternation, gathered some soldiers, and at their head, perambulated the ruins. He stopped the progress of the flames; punished the banditti on the spot; and, with the utmost presence of mind, and the greatest activity, established regulations which saved the remnants of Lisbon. The king recovered at last from his panick, and appreciating the courage of Pombal, from the extent of his own fears, considered him as a being of a superiour order; and this minister's ascendancy over his weak mind, was thus established for ever.

Pombal abused this ascendancy but too much. He kept his master in a state of almost degrading subserviency; while he was himself surrounded with all the outward pomp and trappings of absolute power, to dazzle the eyes of the gaping multitude. He obtained a body of horse guards, under pretence of his personal protection. Wherever he went, his coach was preceded by eight or ten horsemen, with drawn sabres, making way for him; and a smaller number followed it. But the object he had most at heart, was that of humiliating the high Portuguese nobility. There was an absolutely exclusive distinction established in Portugal, between seven or eight families of that class, and the rest of the nobility. They boasted of being free from all blots; such as intermarriages with Moors, Jews, and negroes, judgments of the inquisition, &c. To preserve this purity spotless, they intermarried among each other only. M. Pombal attempted to annihilate this distinction, so humiliating to the rest of the nobility. It was a customary thing for him, to make use of the king's authority, to further his own designs; and he had recourse to it in this undertaking. He forbid, in the name of his majesty, such and such marriages, which he knew were in contemplation, between members of these exclusive families; he thus forced them to stoop to the second class for connexions, which answered the double purpose of lowering their pride, and of elevating that class to which he himself belonged.

Before Pombal's administration, the Portuguese noblemen made it a constant practice to set at defiance even the most sacred laws; but he soon curbed their licentious spirits, by the most inflexible restrictions; they murmured, but they trembled, and obeyed—Even the continuation of their titles depended on the king's will, and consequently on the minister's whim. By the custom of Portugal, the son of a deceased nobleman cannot assume his father's title, till it is confirmed to him by the king. This confirmation Pombal often withheld for eight or ten years. By such means he reduced them to the blindest submission, though accompanied with the most inveterate hatred. It was, especially, on his birth day, that he received from them those unanimous testimonies of seeming obsequiousness, which he well knew how to appreciate. This was a day of triumph for his pride, and for his malignity. He then beheld collected in his palace, the most illustrious, and the proudest grandees, of Portugal. In that crowd of suitors, he took a secret pleasure in remarking such a one, whose father he had brought to the block; such another, whose brother lay at that very moment in a dungeon, by his orders, &c.

This unlimited power extended even over the ministers, who seemed to share with him, in a certain degree, the king's confidence. The marquis of Pombal was nominally minister of the interior only; but, in fact, he presided likewise over all the other departments. His colleagues, decorated with empty titles, did nothing but through him, as they sometimes were forced to own. M. Pombal often kept them in ignorance of the

business of their own offices. Every thing went through his hands ; and he entered into the minutest details. A note was once brought to him for signature, containing only a permit for a traveller to take post horses. He found fault with the style, and dictated another. He was indefatigable in the labours of his office ; busy from the dawn of day, he never had fixed hours for his meals ; he usually dined very late, and ate most voraciously ; for which he was visited by frequent indigestions. After dinner he used to take a ride in a coach, with a monk, a relation of his, who was said to be a man of uncommon stupidity. This man was his sole company ; and that ride was his only recreation. He soon afterwards returned to his closet, where he remained occupied till late at night. He had two secretaries to write under him. They were mere machines, without any understanding, without eyes. He had trained them himself, and they were constantly at his disposal. One of them was a German, whom he had brought from Vienna. He made him at first his footman, then his porter, and lastly, his secretary. These two poor scribes were often so overloaded with business, that both were ill at the same time.

Notwithstanding his excesses in living, and his laborious life, the marquis de Pombal enjoyed a state of health so robust, that he indulged the strong hope of a long career. At the age of seventy-seven, shortly before his disgrace, he used to talk about finishing the rebuilding of Lisbon, and even of building a palace for the king ; as if he had been in the vigour of youth. Excessively attached to life and to honours, he was no less addicted to the love of money. He even committed the most shocking vexations to gratify his rapacity. He often confiscated the property of those whom he sacrificed to his ambition or to his resentment. Born to a small fortune, he had accumulated about 15,000*l.* a year ; an immense revenue for Portugal. He had built on his estate of Oeyras, the finest mansion in the country ; but that magnificent residence displayed no taste, because he was himself deficient in that respect ; and he had employed only Portuguese artists. For the same reasons, Lisbon, which he has raised from its ruins, is far from gratifying the eyes of *connoisseurs*. Monstrous defects are strikingly obvious in the finest quarters of the town ; and above all, in that famous square *Praza del Comercio*, where he has placed a monument to the late king.

This capital, however, in its restored state, evinces in a striking manner, the power, and the activity, of the marquis de Pombal. The other parts of the country, also, were gradually assuming a new face under his administration. He used to say, that " he could not do every thing at once ; and that time only could show the advantages to be derived from his operations." For instance, he was the protector of the useful, and even of the fine arts, so far as his judgment, none of the surest in that respect, could direct him. He had established woollen manufactures ; he had attempted to form architects, and sculptors, in Portugal. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, which was in a great measure his work, he went to visit the university of Coimbra, over which they had exerted a great influence. Here he made many reforms ; among others, he established several Italian professors, who had the reputation of being learned men. The Jesuits were not the only religious order that he persecuted. He never disguised his aversion for monks, in general ; and he gradually undermined the power of the inquisition. It was, perhaps, with a view to further these designs, that he allowed the dangerous works of Voltaire, and those of Rousseau, to be translated into the Portuguese language ; but, on the other hand, he exerted all his power to prevent the introduction of maxims, or of ideas,

which might have stood in contradiction to his despotick principles. Never, for instance, would he allow the post to arrive in Lisbon more than once a week, although the Spanish mail was received twice at Badajoz, the frontier town. For the same reason, he never permitted the establishment of a Portuguese gazette. He feared, above all things, that the people should conceive a liking for arguing on politicks. He wished them to be ignorant of whatever was passing in the rest of Europe; and that no news from Portugal should transpire but through him, as its channel. Among his commercial regulations some were of real advantage to the country. Thus he succeeded in drawing a considerable benefit from the smuggling trade, which has always subsisted between Spain and Portugal; because he had the good sense to lessen the duties, while the Spanish government was following principles directly opposite.

This leads us to examine the conduct of the marquis de Pombal in his relations with foreign courts. In this branch of administration, this man, in other respects so haughty, and so overbearing, assumed a new character, and conscious, perhaps, of the weakness of his country, had recourse to duplicity, and to deceit. Indeed, he considered the most sacred engagements as a mere matter of form; fit only to gain time, as the Spanish minister, Grimaldi, experienced to his great vexation, in 1776. A dispute had taken place between the two courts, respecting the limits of their respective colonies in South America. Things had been carried to such a length, that a European war seemed to be the natural consequence. In these circumstances, the marquis de Pombal affected the most earnest and most sincere wishes for an amicable settlement. He called upon the courts of London and of Versailles for their mediation. He even insisted that the matters in dispute should be entirely referred to those two powers; and that Spain and Portugal should abide by their decision. "People talk so much about your Family Compact," he used to say to the French ambassador, "it is represented as a most formidable league against all other nations. You see I do not consider it as such. I trust entirely to you. I put myself into your hands." In short, he had succeeded, in making the courts of Madrid, London, and Versailles, adopt his plan for negotiation. A congress had been actually appointed, to meet at Paris, when news arrived that the Portuguese troops had advanced on Rio Grande, and taken forcible possession of the territory in dispute. Pombal, availing himself of the contempt in which his nation was held by the Spaniards, had prepared much better means of defence than he was supposed to possess. He had, without being noticed, raised the army to 40,000 men. The fortresses were amply provided with every necessary, and experienced officers had been received into the Portuguese service. The marquis de Pombal was, however, well aware of the inferiority of his country compared to Spain; but he relied on the assistance of England, on the difficulty of maintaining an enemy's army in Portugal, on the nature of the country, intersected by large rivers, and by ridges of mountains, &c. However, the death of the king, and the dismissal of the minister, soon put an end to all warlike preparations.

The marquis de Pombal had, for a long time, apprehended that event. The king's health was precarious; and he knew the general hatred he had incurred. To guard against impending danger, he had sought all the means of embroiling the affairs of the kingdom in such a manner, as to make his assistance necessary to the new sovereign, to guide her steps in a maze whose intricacies were known to him alone; and his plan was near succeeding. Hardly had king Joseph paid the last tribute, when the young queen, her present majesty, went to consult her mother, as to what line of conduct

she should follow. *I suppose*, said the queen dowager, *that you are going to dismiss Pombal*. The young queen, who was of a mild disposition, and felt the danger of her new situation, answered in a faltering tone : *I suppose I must ; since every body wishes it*. In that case, answered the queen-mother, *cease from this moment to transact business with him*. She foresaw that in seven or eight audiences, the crafty minister would have obtained a complete ascendancy over the mind of the young queen ; and would have persuaded her that the country could not be saved, but by him.

The marquis de Pombal, after his disgrace, retired to his estate of Oeyras ; where he sought, and found, the means of ending his days in peace : a circumstance not very usual for disgraced ministers, in that country. A single trait will show the line of conduct to which he was indebted for that signal favour. His estate lay at no great distance from Coimbra, the bishop of which city had been for several years shut up in a dungeon, by order of the marquis of Pombal. On the disgrace of that minister he was reinstated in his see, amidst the acclamations of his flock ; and to enjoy his triumph more fully, he immediately set about visiting his diocese, before the enthusiasm of the people had time to cool. In the course of his apostolical journey, he stopped, perhaps, on purpose, at the village belonging to Pombal, and close to his residence. This circumstance excited universal expectation. As soon as the ex-minister knew of the arrival of the bishop, he sent to inquire, at what hour he would be pleased to receive him. He was punctual to the time appointed, and began by throwing himself at his feet ; nor did he rise till he had received his blessing. They afterwards remained in conversation for a quarter of an hour. The bishop returned the visit, punctually. As soon as Pombal saw the coach entering the gate, he ran to meet it ; flew to the carriage door, and threw himself again on his knees, to receive the good prelate's blessing. At the foot of the stairs, the bishop met Pombal's daughter, who went through the same ceremonies, &c. The exiled minister followed the same line of conduct towards the monks, whom he detested and despised so much. And to many this may seem to imply no ordinary degree of meanness. But the clergy were all-powerful under the new reign ; and the slightest want of respect to one member of this body, might have provoked the resentment of the whole. Pombal had, besides, in the person of the queen's husband,\* a personal enemy, eager to seize every opportunity of avenging his private injuries, on the discarded minister, who now wished only to end his days in peace.

In his retreat, Pombal continued to indulge his fondness for study. Well informed people affirm, that he kept a constant correspondence with the queen, on the various objects connected with government. Several political publications were expected as the produce of his leisure hours ; but those expectations have been disappointed ; whether through the interference of the Portuguese government, is not known. He died on May 8, 1782.

Were we to give our opinion on the character of this famous statesman, we should not hesitate in saying, that the marquis de Pombal was a man much above the ordinary level of mankind. Circumstances, indeed, eminently favoured the display of his great abilities, in a contracted sphere. An earthquake brought his country to a chaos-like confusion ; thousands of con-

\* Don Pedro, who was at the same time her uncle. He never forgave Pombal ; because that minister advised king Joseph, his brother, to have him arrested, as being implicated in the conspiracy of 1756.

comitant disorders were to be remedied, or prevented; a capital was to be rebuilt; soon after, a conspiracy was formed against the life of his sovereign; great and powerful criminals were to be punished; a powerful society, the Jesuits, had become dangerous to the state, and was to be suppressed; Pombal had, besides, two wars to maintain, with inadequate means; his country wanted establishments of commerce and manufactures; he had ancient prejudices to silence, and powerful enemies to humble, &c. Surely an ordinary man would have been crushed under the accumulated weight of so many enterprises. M. de Pombal boldly undertook them, and succeeded. He had vices, no doubt; but men must be strangely blinded by partiality, to deny his eminent qualities. Above all, he possessed that firmness of mind, that undaunted resolution, which, indeed, lead sometimes to the commission of crimes, but without which, no man ever achieved great things.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT often happens that some of the limbs of fruit-trees, trained against a wall, are blighted, and die; while others remain in a healthy and flourishing state. This evil is, by gardeners, generally attributed to the effects of lightning. But, if this were the case, would not the violent action of the electric fluid produce a laceration of the branch and stalk of the tree? No such effect is to be perceived. It therefore appears to me that we must seek some other cause for this evil, and I flatter myself that I have discovered the real one.

A few years since, when Galvanism was first introduced to public notice, I constructed a pile, consisting of about one hundred plates of copper, and as many of zinc, each about two inches square. Among other experiments, I applied it to the branch of a tender plant (a species of the ficoides). Having left it for about an hour, on my return I found the branch withered, and hanging close to the stalk. It immediately occurred to me that Galvanism might be the cause of the above-mentioned defect in wall fruit trees, occasioned by the oxidation of the nails, by which they are oftentimes fastened (for I conceive Galvanism to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by every metal passing into a state of oxidation). Recollecting that the limb of a cherry tree in my garden had, nearly a year before, been fastened to the wall with an iron cramp, I instantly examined it, and found it dead; though, when fastened, it was a flourishing, healthy limb, at least an inch in diameter, and nine feet in length.

I have since examined several peach and nectarine trees; and wherever I discovered a limb dead, I invariably found that one or more of the nails which fastened it, were *in contact with the bark*. A limb of a peach tree puzzled me for some time. It was dead, but I could not perceive that any of the nails were in contact with it (the scraps of cloth being left pretty long). After a narrow search, however, I found the mud, of which the wall was built, considerably stained with rust immediately under the branch: and on digging into the wall with my knife, I brought the hidden mischief to light—It was part of a very large spike nail, and which lay about an inch below the surface.

On mentioning some of those circumstances to a friend, he observed, that about a year before, he had fastened some currant trees to a wall with *iron hooks*. On examination, almost every limb so fastened *was dead*.

The effect of the Galvanism in these cases will probably be found to be greater in rainy seasons, as the oxidation then goes on more rapidly than it does at other times.

I could have wished to have made some further observations on this subject, before I communicated them to the publick ; but at present I have not the opportunity ; but I hope some of your numerous correspondents will attend to the subject, and communicate the result of their further observations through the channel of your valuable Magazine. Your's, &c.

May 30, 1808.

OBSERVATOR.

ANECDOTES.

ORATOR HENLEY.

THIS eccentrick preacher, of whom it is not yet settled whether he was inspired or deranged, resided at one period in Craven-buildings, Drury Lane ; and, we have been informed, used to dress like a beau, and frequent publick amusements. The celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle lived in a house opposite to him. He is said to have aimed at the restoration of the ancient eloquence of the pulpit : but this is not correct. He affected, whether from motives of ridicule, or with a view to display his erudition, the mysterious denunciations of the *Salian* priests, combined with the inexplicable doctrines of the Sophists. And when he had sufficiently entangled the intellects of his auditors, would burst at once upon them with observations scriptural, classical, and elegant. From these he would sometimes again diverge to ludicrous descriptions of common life ; instruct butchers how they should cut their joints ; taylors, how they should make clothes ; shoemakers, in the expeditious mode of executing the business of the *gentle* craft ; and mingle sense, absurdity, and enthusiasm in such a manner as to render his entertainments highly agreeable to the palates of his various guests.

One of his advertisements, for Sunday, the 29th of September, 1729, is curious :

“ At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's-in-fields near Clare-market, to morrow, at half an hour after ten, 1. the postell will be on the turning Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. The sermon will be on the necessary power and attractive force which religion gives to the spirit of man with God and good spirits.”\*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The Monday's orations will be shortly resumed. On Wednesday, the oration will be on the *skits* of the fashions, or a *live* gallery of family pictures, in all ages, ruffs, muffs, *puffs*, manifold shoes, wedding-shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes, peals, clocks, pantofles, buskins, *pantaloons*, garters, shoulder-knots, perriwigs, head dresses, modesties, tuckers, farthingales, corkins, minikins, slammakins, ruffles, round robbins, toilets, fans, patches ; dame, forsooth, madam my lady, the wit and beauty of my grannam, Winifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Biddy, fine ladies pretty gentlewomen : being a general view of the *beau monde* from before Noah's flood to the year 29. On Friday will be something better than last Tuesday. After each A BOB at the times.”

\* We dare not quote the next passage, for a reason which that *useful* divine, Jeremiah Collier, has given, in his View of the Impiety of the English Stage.

One of the advertisements of this singular character, we have heard, invited the licensed victuallers of the metropolis to a lecture on "Social Morality." After which he promises to inform them, "how they shall sell more porter than they do at present."

It is little to be doubted, but that the Oratory was, on this important occasion, crowded with publicans. The orator was particularly animated and entertaining. He explained to them the nature of their situation; their duties; descanted on the various characters of their guests, and many other collateral circumstances. At last, he said: "My brethren, to perform my promise, and, by explaining to you how you shall sell more beer, endeavour to inculcate a moral duty, I must apprise you, that my instructions can never be forgotten, because they are comprised in three words:—"FILL YOUR POTS!"

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#### GARRICK AND PREVILLE.

When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer, Preville. They were on horseback, and Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him, he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture; he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I shall show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant, that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction. At length he lost his whip; his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups; the bridle dropped from his hand; and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were close, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished, and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed: "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

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There are two members in the house of commons, named Montagu Mathew, and Mathew Montagu; the former a tall handsome man; and the latter a little man. During the present session of parliament, the speaker, having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Mathew observed, it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great a difference between them as between a *horse chesnut* and a *chesnut horse*.

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An Irish footman, having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee; but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said: "Sir, if my master should say—Paddy, what did the gentleman give you; what would your honour have me to tell him?"

## POETRY.

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### ODE TO THE WEST WINDS.

BY JOHN HODGSON.

Whither, ye timid zephyrs, have you  
flown,  
Ye people of the west wind, tell me where  
You stretch your aromattick wings,  
And in what gardens of the sun,  
At morning, breathe  
Your pleasant coldness? Have you south-  
ward fled,  
With spring to linger on the breezy shores  
Of Ebro, or the olive's leaf  
To paint with everlasting green  
On Tajo's banks?  
Perhaps, you sport upon the golden sands  
Of Niger, and, in heat meridian, dip  
Your wings upon Anzico's plains;  
Or, in the cocoa-vestured isles,  
Beyond the line,  
Kiss the young plantain, and to dance  
and song  
The simple natives call. O! ministers  
Of health, and medicines that cure  
The soul with sickness wo begone  
O! back return,  
And brace my languid limbs, and on my  
cheek,  
With hands benevolent, your crimson lay:  
Come, and repair the dreadful  
waste,  
Committed by the ruffian tribe,  
That rule the north.  
From the fair pastures of the bright horn'd  
bull  
Descending, on the orient shafts of day,  
A thousand sylphs of heat are come  
To strow your grassy road with  
flowers,  
And bid you hail.  
Already has the primrose decked for  
you  
Her fragrant palaces, and wide unfolds  
Their vestibule with yellow doors.  
The purple spotted orchis, too,  
Prepares his halls  
Of curious workmanship, where you may  
spend  
Your festal mornings, or, beneath the  
gloom  
Of solitary midnight, rest  
In caves, that azure crystal seem  
To eyes like yours.

Come, in the globe-flower's golden laver  
wash  
Your little hands with dew drops, and in  
seas  
Of evening tears, upon the leaves  
Of alchemilla, gently plunge  
Your beauteous limbs.  
Will you not sip the woodruff's oderous  
lymph  
And banquet on th' ambrosia it affords?  
Will you not in the wortle sit,  
And luscious nectar drink beneath  
Its ruby dome?  
O! you shall revel on Eliza's lip;  
Madden with rapture on its coral bloom,  
And, in her gentle eye, behold  
The infant softness of your forms  
Reflected bright.  
Come then, O genial winds, and in your  
way  
Visit the fairest fountains of the sky;  
And in the hollow of your hands,  
Bring each a precious drop to cheer  
Returning spring.

### TO ———

BY GEORGE GORDON.

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,  
As once this pledge appeared a token,  
These follies had not, then, been mine;  
For, then, my peace had not been  
broken.

2.

To thee, these early faults I owe,  
To thee, the wise and old reproving;  
They know my sins, but do not know,  
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

3.

For, once, my soul like thine was pure,  
And all its rising fires could smother;  
But now, thy rows no more endure,  
Bestowed by thee upon another.

4.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,  
And spoil the blisses that await him;  
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,  
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

5.  
Ah! since thy angel form is gone,  
My heart no more can rest with any;  
But what is sought in thee alone,  
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

6.  
Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,  
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;  
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,  
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

7.  
Yet all this giddy waste of years,  
This tiresome round of palling pleasures,  
These varied loves, these matron's fears,  
The thoughtless strains to Passion's measures.

8.  
If thou were mine, all had been hush'd:  
This cheek now pale from early riot,

With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,  
But bloom'd in calm domestick quiet.

9.  
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,  
For Nature seemed to smile before thee;  
And once my breast abhor'd deceit,  
For then it beat but to adore thee.

10.  
But now I seek for other joys,  
To think, would drive my soul to madness;  
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,  
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

11.  
Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,  
In spite of every vain endeavour;  
And fiends might pity what I feel,  
To know, that thou art lost for ever."

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### DEATHS,

WITH BRIEF CHARACTERISTICS.

IT is not a part of the plan of this Journal to originate. Our promised duty to our readers is simply to select. We shall never, however, reject an original review or essay of merit. It will flatter us and gratify our patrons when *Genius* and *Taste* use our pages to amuse or to instruct. Although we claim neither of these, we trust that the following brief and imperfect obituary article will neither weary nor offend any one who may turn over our pages in search of abler productions.

THERE is usually so little novelty in the *manner* of recording the loss of one whose virtues were confined chiefly within the limits of the social circle, and so little to interest the publick in the *matter*, that obituary notices are glanced at with a careless eye. But the claims of friendship, although forgotten by the world, are neither the less sacred, nor the less to be neglected, by those few survivors who know the worth of a parted friend. If, in any case, the virtues of those who adorned the fireside circle, unambitious of a more extended fame, deserve to be recorded, we shall not err in speaking of MRS. MIRIAM GRATZ. In the possession of almost every comfort; cherished and valued by friends; *deservedly adored* by her family; in full health, and at no advanced period of life, this excellent woman was suddenly attacked by a disease, whose violence in a few days proved fatal.

Although she had for many years to sustain the shock of severe afflictions, which professional skill could not subdue, and which *filial affection* alone can alleviate, she was yet blessed in the best treasure which this life can give to a mother; the affectionate attachment of her children. Her parlour was the unvaried scene of content, and witnessed the unceasing interchange of grateful kindnesses;—the gratitude of children, eager to reward the long and anxious watchings of a fond mother, and the gratitude of that mother for the endearing exertions of children to repay

the debt. She knew that cheerfulness is the charm of the domestick circle, and she was always cheerful. She knew that, where *home* is pleasant, children will prefer it to the fleeting gayeties of life; and it was her study to make their home pleasant. She banished from her circle all selfishness but that which springs from the endearments of affection, and she taught her inmates to center all their affections, their desires and their hopes at their own fireside, and to expect *there* that happiness which was never absent. Could children part from such a mother and feel only the transient emotions of a fleeting sorrow? No; their grief is sacred. When she died, others lost a friend,—always active, always kind, always benevolent. Her intimates lost a companion, and the poor lost a protector. To such, their loss may be supplied. But where are children to seek or to find the affection of such a mother? *Where?* In the love of that BEING, who, for His own wise ends, hath parted them for a few years; but WHO, we humbly hope, hath not forbidden us to seek in *another world*, for a re-union with those who have been endeared to us *in this* by the strongest ties.

At Northampton [Eng.] Thomas Percy, L. L. D. one of the senior fellows, and vice president of St. John's college, Oxford. Dr. Percy was nephew to the celebrated bishop of Dromore; the last edition of whose valuable and interesting "Relicks of Ancient English Poetry," he edited. To this work he was preparing the addition of a fourth volume, which was announced so long since as March, 1807, and which will not, we trust, even now be withheld from the literary world, to whom Dr. Percy's taste and information on this subject are well known.

Drowned by shipwreck, off Memel, Lord Viscount Royston, eldest son of the earl of Hardwicke and M. P. for Riegate. We understand, a more promising young nobleman was never given to a country's hopes, or more untimely snatched away. At an age when most are content to study the ancient authors, with a view only to attain the language in which they wrote, his lordship was so thoroughly master of their contents, that he translated the most obscure of them, with a spirit and clearness which surpassed the original. It was from the desire of adding, to the store of ancient and modern learning which he possessed, the advantages that result from personal observation and from travel, that his lordship quitted the splendour of an affluent home, and encountered the dangers under which he finally perished.

In St. Gilesgate, Durham, in the 96th year of his age, William Cloyd. Among the many eccentric tricks of his youth, he once undertook to descend, upon a rope, from the steeple of St. Giles's church, to the Bower Banks adjoining, and accomplished it unhurt. In 1739, he was with admiral Vernon at the taking of Porto Bello and Carthage. In 1742, he was deprived of his eyesight by lightning, upon the African coast; and after that, became famous for dressing sheep's feet, which proved a very profitable trade to him, and enabled him to procure his quantum of ale, of which he consumed no small quantity. At cards and bowling matches Cloyd was generally one of the foremost, and frequently betted very freely. He enjoyed, in general, a very good state of health, and within the last twenty years has been seen to run round the feet of a large stool turned topsey-turvey, with his boots on. About twenty-six years ago, he was at a bowling match on Gilesgate moor, when a violent altercation arose about the position of the bowls, which had nearly ended in blows; when Cloyd, starting from the crowd, cried out: "Lead me to the place where the bowls are." On his arrival there, after groping awhile for the bowls, he

cried out; "Any body may see that bowl is first." This created a loud laugh, and put all the parties in good humour again. About 18 years ago, he received one of Hetherington's benefactions of ten pounds a year to blind men, upon which he subsisted till his decease.

In the 53d year of his age, Charles Henry Wilson, Esq. late of the Middle Temple. Mr. Wilson was several years editor of *The Gazetteer*; and there are few daily or periodical publications of any standing which have not been occasionally indebted to his contributions. He was the author of *The Wandering Islander*, *Polyantha*, *Brookeana*, *Beauties of Burke*, and many more original productions, compilations, and translations, to none of which would he suffer his name to be prefixed. His attainments were almost universal. He was deeply versed in the antiquities and literature of the Gothick, Scandinavian, and Celtick nations. With an inexhaustible fund of learning, he was "a fellow of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy." His wit and humour, were truly original. The factitious jester, the Joe Miller wit, in vain attempted to enter the lists with him; he was speedily distanced by a simile, or an expression which never could enter the imagination of his rival, but so ludicrously apposite to the subject in hand, as never to fail to "set the table in a roar." He was a native of the north of Ireland, and migrated to the metropolis upwards of twenty years ago. Born to no fortune, he ran his career of life, without doing more than providing for the day which was passing over him; a fate not uncommon to men entering the world under the same circumstances, and possessing similar endowments, joined to a strong relish for social enjoyment.

At Hammersmith, in his 85th year, John Rice, Esq. a character miserable and penurious. Mr. Rice was born in Westminster, and having received a musical education, he resolved to try his fortune in America. He sailed for New York, where he settled, and got an appointment as organist. In this situation, denying himself the common necessities of life, he accumulated a considerable sum of money, and returned to England. His habit was that of the most indigent beggar; and so deplorably miserable were his garb and appearance, that he was turned out of two lodgings that he took. At length he obtained a room at a glazier's shop, near Marsham-street, where he was taken ill. He requested that he might be decently clothed and conveyed to Mr. Boyce, at Hammersmith, whose father, he said, was his most intimate acquaintance. He was accordingly taken to the house of Mr. Boyce, where he only survived a few days. After his death, his will was opened; by which it appeared that he bequeathed 20,000l. to Mr. Boyce, and 10,000l. to the bishop of New York. He is said to have died worth 40,000l.

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Messrs. Mathews and Leigh, announce their intention of publishing Sir John Carr's new work, a Tour in Scotland, which will appear early this season. The work will form one handsome volume in quarto, with highly finished plates, from drawings by the author.

Dr. Carpenter, of Exeter, is preparing for publication, an Account of the Structure and Function of the Eye, principally intended to illustrate the arguments contained in the first and second chapters of Paley's Natural Theology. It will be printed to correspond in size and type with that work, so as to bind up with it, if wished by the purchasers.

Mr. Bower has made considerable progress in a work which is intended to exhibit a complete delineation of the Life of Luther, and of the effects of that life upon the great revolution to which he has given a name. Mr. Bower has explored the original and voluminous documents respecting Luther, with which his own times, and those immediately succeeding, abounded; he has carefully analysed the whole of Luther's writings; and is persuaded that the materials which he has collected, furnish much information which has not hitherto been laid before the British publick, respecting the character and progress of this extraordinary man, respecting the gradual formation of his mind during the period of his education, the gradual expansion of his views during his efforts for the reformation of the church; and the character which the peculiarity of his mind stamped upon the reformation itself.

## PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

## GERMANY.

We have already had occasion to notice the intended travels into the East, of captain Hogelmuller, under the auspices of the Archduke Charles of Austria; and his invitation of questions respecting the countries to which his visits were designed to extend. The term fixed for the transmission of these questions, was till the end of February, 1808, and before Christmas he had received five hundred. Among the learned bodies by whom they were sent, were the academies of Petersburg, Copenhagen, and Turin, with several universities of Russia, Germany, Holland, and Italy. Several statesmen had also contributed their inquiries.

The first volume of a Dictionary of the Teutonick Language has lately been published by M. Le Camp. It forms more than one thousand pages in quarto, containing 26,735 articles, and yet includes only the first five letters of the alphabet. The author admits all the dialects of the Teutonick tongue, and the technical terms of every art.

Among the new works published at Munich, one, entitled *Gemählde aus dem Nonnenleben*, Pictures of Monastick Life, has lately excited considerable sensation. It is compiled by M. Limpowsky, from the archives of the suppressed nunneries in Bavaria.

## FRANCE.

A projector at Paris has offered to construct a press capable of printing in twelve hours, 1200 copies of a work not exceeding twenty-four sheets, either in the common way or in stereotype. He further announces a press capable of working 30,000 sheets, with ordinary types in twelve hours, and also a new method of composition, much more expeditious than that now in use.

## ITALY.

Experiments lately made at Venice show, that the oil of the Chinese radish is preferable to any other kind known, not only for culinary purposes, and giving light, but also as a medicine. From the experiments lately made by Dr. Oliviero, it is found to be extremely useful in rheumatick and pulmonary affections, and has been employed with much success in convulsive coughs. It is not liable to spoil by keeping, like other oils, nor is the plant injured by the hardest frosts. The seed, which is very abundant, is gathered in May and June.